

DIVINE
MEDITATIONS

UPON
Several Subjects.

Whereunto is annexed
GODS LOVE,
AND

Man's Unworthiness.

WITH SEVERAL
Divine Ejaculations.

Written by JOHN QUARLES.
Santa Francis

LONDON,

Printed by T. J. for Peter Parker, and are to be sold
at the first shop in Papes-head Alley on the right
hand next Cornhil, 1671.

821

Q21A

1671

THE

FROM

Several

of the

GODS LOVE

AND

Man's

WITH SEVERAL

Divine

Written by JOHN CHARLES

LONDON

Printed by T. B. ...
for the ...
1671



To my Esteemed Friend,
JAMES HOBARTE
 of *Hales*, in the County
 of *Norfolk*, Esquire.

S I R,

IF I am bold, it is in fulfil-
 ling your desires : I am
 confident you well re-
 member when we were Pri-
 soners together, that your
 self gave me the several sub-
 jects of these short *Medita-*
tions ; I confess I have no

A 2 cause

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 Rem. 22 Nov. 35 Brown

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cause to blush at the subjects, but I fear you will find cause to blush at the bad performance of your desires; however, I have done my endeavor; and if you please to own it worth your acceptance, I shall own your acceptance worth my labor, and ever remain

Affectionately yours,

JOHN QUARLES.

TO



TO THE
READER.

Kinde Reader,

L*Et me lay this Injunction upon thee before thou permittest thy eye to survey this little Volume, that thou wilt resolve to pardon, I will not say for what, for fear thou shouldest be scrupulous and not read; The subject is Divine,*

A 3

and

To the Reader.

*and I confess too good to be so
badly handled; however, I
have done my endeavour, and
Alexander did no more when
he conquered Kingdoms: But
Reader, because I will not de-
tain thine eye too long in one
place, I bid thee*

Farewel.

To



To my Muse.

TELL we presumptuous Muse, how dar'st thou treat
Upon a Subject so sublime, so great!

Alas how dare thy infancy aspire

So high as Heaven, where the Celestial Quire

Of Soul-enchanting Angels, hourly sing,

Anthems of joy to their melodious King!

This is a task that invokes the best

And loftiest quills; Heav'n's love must not b'express-

With wanton language: he that shall presume

To labour in this work, must first perfume

His Soul with true Divinity, and breathe

Celestial ayrs, that Readers may perceive

Their Author labours with a serious heart

To embalm his actions with divinest art;

This is a field whose spacious bounds extend

Themselves to infinite; who strives to end

Shall still begin, and having once begun

This pleasing progress, must not cease to run

Until he stops in Heaven, there lies the gain,

Who runs with Faith is certain to obtain.

If then my Muse, thou canst divinely mount

This sacred Stage, thou needst not fear t' account

Thy

Thy actions prosperous, strive thou to stand
Guarded with Faith, and Heav'n will lend a hand
To prop thee up, his power will infuse
Sufficient matter for an active Muse
To work upon, his wisdom will direct
Thy painful hand, his Mercies will correct
Thy rambling thoughts, and teach thee to proclaim
Th' unsumm'd up glories of his Royal Name;
Abandon Earth, and bid vain thoughts adieu,
Thou canst not serve thy God and Mammon too;
Rouse then, and let thy well-prun'd Eagles wing
Mount thee aloft, let not terrestrial things
Disturb thy resolutions; let them all
Evade thy mind; thy thoughts must grow too tall
For such low toys: stir up thy zealous fire,
And what thou canst not well express, admire.

DIVINE



DIVINE
MEDITATIONS

Upon several subjects.

I.

GRoans, midnight groans, usurp the Com-
monwealth,

Oh my infringed Soul ! I know no health,
Not feel no pleasure, all my joyes are fled
I know not where, and I am worse than dead.

*Heaven shouldring Atlas, if compar'd to me
Bears nothing, mine's a weighty misery.*

II.

Ah me, can nothing cure me, is my grief
So much insurable, that no relief
Can flow from Gilead ? do my sins obstruct
Those rydes of grace which usually conduct
Refreshments to me ? Oh most dismal fate !

He feels a plague too soon, that grieves too late.

B

Cings

2 Divine Meditations.

III.

Cimmerian mists, alas ! and what are they ?
(Compar'd to me) less than a glorious day.
The sense of my own blindness makes me know
The blindness of my senses. Can a woe
Be more exub'rous ? here's a grief refin'd,
A seeing Body, and a Soul that's blind.

IV.

The sight-deprived wretch, whose darkned fate
Makes day and night (as 'twere) incorporate,
And knows no difference, but still gropes about,
And finds his Day within, his Night without :
*But I, sad I, being muffled up in sin,
Find Day without, alas ! but Night within.*

V.

Saddest of thoughts ! Oh that I could espy
One gracious Sun-beam, that my willing eye,
Might, like the dawning of the Infant-day,
Grow by degrees, and at the last display
Some glorious rayes to my endarkened heart
I'd ling'ring that light, and never let it part.

Divine Meditations. 3

VI.

But I, unhappy I, whose former dayes
Consum'd in ill, have quite expell'd the rays
Of future happiness; and now I see
All evil is epitomiz'd in me.

*Too late I grieve, for what I feel too soon;
The Sun lets fall his fiercest rayes at noon.*

VII.

Though foggy vapours oftentimes ascend,
Being exhaled by a Solar friend,
From Earths chill brest, and for a season shroud
Themselves within an entertaining cloud.

*Yet at the last, (unwilling so remaine)
Discloud themselves, and fall to Earth again.*

VIII.

But ah! my sin-exhaling soul is fill'd
With noysome fogs that cannot be distill'd;
They keep a forc'd possession, and encrease
Within me, nay, and riot out my peace.

*Needs must the Empire of a troubled brain
Feel store of torments where such Neroes raigt.*

4 Divine Meditations.

IX.

Corporeal griefs, comparatively, merit
The name of *Pleasures* to a troubled spirit:
Martyrs have taught, that temporary pains
(If well improv'd) swell into future gains.
Grief's banisht quite from him that dyes forgiven;
A Storm on Earth portends a Calm in Heaven.

X.

As woe and trouble commonly await
Upon the frailty of a humane state;
So Grace and Mercy evermore are found
Attending, where Divinity sits crown'd.
Ab! would it not be indiscreetly done,
To sit in darkness to avoid the Sun?

XI.

If Heaven should please to banish from our sight
His glorious Lamp, whose most diffusive light
Gives life to nature, all things would retire
Into a Chaos, and the world expire.
The Soul's a World-divine, and Christ's the Sun,
Who shining not, the World is chang'd, not done.

Divine Meditations. 5

XII.

We may observe, when happiness concludes,
How soon the sad and fatal interludes
Of Misery appear : for Grief and Joy
Are Initiators. When our sins destroy
The happiness we had, *Ab then appears*
Mischief attended with an host of fears.

XIII.

Adam (unhappy man!) with what a grace
Could he present himself before the face
Of his well-pleas'd Creator, till the heat
Of his own lust compel'd him to retreat
From Gods commands. *Ab then, his new-bred fear*
Made him afraid to see, as well as bear.

XIV.

Let but the apples of the tender eye
Receive a sudden touch, and by and by
The sympathizing part will quickly be
Frighted (as 'twere) into a mutiny,
So when the Sin-toucht soul begins to smart,
The sentient faculties must bear a part.

6 *Divine Meditations.*

XV.

Courage in Sin, is but a Sin enlarg'd;
Which like a deep-mouth'd Cannon over-charg'd
Recoyles or breaks. Had Peter found no vent
For his denying-sins, his soul had rent
It self in pieces. *Blest is he and wise,
That can discharge his sorrow at his eyes.*

XVI.

Sins that do float in tears, are often drown'd
In their own floods; When real sighs abound,
They raise a tempest, and our sins are tost
Against the rocks of Mercy, till they're lost.
*When sins beleaguer us with hostile fears,
There's no Artillery like Davids tears.*

XVII.

Curst (like the Fig-tree) is that barren eye
That in a flood of Sins is alwayes dry.
Teares are the choicest Jewels which are set
Like Orient Pearls in Heaven's rich Cabiner.
*When Faith implores, th' Almighty One that lends
A vent for tears, will send us tears to vent.*

Faith

Divine Meditations. 7

XVIII.

*Faith is the Souls best Orator ; 'tis known,
There is no Musick like a faithful groan.
A Whisp'ring faith will find a ready ear,
When a loud-thundring faithless voice must steer
From whence it came, no audience will be given,
A soft tongu'd Faith on Earth speaks loud in Heaven.*

XIX.

*Faith feeds the hungry , and it safe-guards those,
That fear the danger of incensed Foes.
Tis Heavens proof-armor, he that wears this shield
May safely meet Goliath in the Field.
'Tis heavenly mirth to hear a David sing ;
'Twas Faith that kill'd Goliath, not a sling.*

XX.

*The precious balsom of a sound belief,
Expels the poyson of a raging grief.
The womans bloody issue could not be
Cur'd, but by Faiths Divine Chirurgery.
When grief assails, the patient must be sure
To apply warm prayers, and Faith will end the cure.*

XXI.

*Reason and Faith are Combatants, the One
Demands a (why) the other will be known
Without a reason, for the powerful hand
Of Faith can fight, where reason cannot stand.*

*He that believes what's possible, can strain
His Faith no higher than a humane brain.*

XXII.

*Faith is the mindes establisser, should we
Believe but what we understand, and see,
We should prove Infidels: had Abraham try'd
His Faith by humane sence, his Faith had dy'd.*

*But barren Sarah, when her time was run,
Blest aged Abraham with a smiling Son.*

XXIII.

*When our estranged ashes, shall lye hid
In their corruptions, reason will forbid
Their re-uniting, but a faithful eye
Sees them inclining to their unity.*

*If we observe, we shall be sure to find
That Faith sees best, when humane reason's blind.*

Divine Meditations. 9

XXIV.

A well-deserving eye, shall always find
Faith and Theology, as close combin'd
As Marib' and Mary were ; who strive to smother
The one, must needs extirpate the other.

*Accurst be they that separate such friends :
Destroy the consort, and the musick ends.*

XXV.

Th' inflamed Lamp shines in a darksome night,
And fills each corner with a trembling light ;
But when extinguish'd our benighted eye,
Leaves every object in obscurity.

*So shining Faith (snuff'd out by sin) expires
And leaves us muffle'd in our dark desires.*

XXVI.

Faith's a Monoculist, and can descry
The Sun of Glory with a single eye.
It comprehendeth all things, every place
Where she aboads, is beautifi'd with grace.

*He's like a pregnant Land that knows no dearth,
But brings forth many off-springs at one birth.*

Faith

10 *Divine Meditations.*

XXVII.

Faith can unnaturalize a *Lion*, and
Make him lye subject to a strict command;
Of *Daniel* had not liv'd, his *Lamb* had power,
To make the *Lions* tremble, not devour :
Be pleas'd Oh Lord, to look upon our *Sion*,
And send this *Lamb* to chase away our *Lion*.

XXVIII.

When once despised *Faith* is laid aside,
Needs must the *Fabrick* of *Religion* slide:
An unpropt-house, with danger is enjoy'd,
And *Pallaces* prove rubbish when destroy'd.
Oh how unblest is that declining Nation,
Where *Faith's* quite lost, *Religion's* out of fashion.

XXIX.

Faith and *Religion* like the *Turtle-dove*,
Having lost her first, admits no second love.
The troubled *Ocean* is not easly fill'd,
Tis far more easie to destroy than build.
When *Faction* thrives, *Religion* starves at nurse,
Who sins with *Ægypt*, must have *Ægypt's* curse.
Sure

Divine Meditations. II

XXX.

Sure sad Religion, cannot chuse but groan
Under deformity, when every one
Shall dress her at his pleasure: is it good
To cancel that, which Martyrs seal'd with blood?

*Sure no it is not, blessings are despis'd,
When pure Religion's so much Proteumiz'd.*

XXXI.

I'd rather want a blessing, than abuse
The blessing that I have, th' apostate *Jemes*
Can evidence this truth, for whilst they stood
To save the evil, they destroy'd the good.

*Did it not add to Pilates sin, who cry'd,
I find no fault, and yet our Saviour dy'd?*

XXXII.

Had *Judas* known the blessings he possess'd,
In being private to our Saviours breast,
Sure then his most inordinate desires,
Had found no fuel to maintain his fires.

*Best things in their corruption prove the worst,
Truth speaks aloud, for Judas was accurst.*

Alas

12 *Divine Meditations.*

XXXIII.

Alas how fondly did our thoughts despise
These sacred joys, which now we chiefly prize
Because we want them, and we sadly prove
The want of blessings tutors us to love
*The blessings that we had, if I transgress,
Let David witness what my thoughts express.*

XXXIV.

Th' unfathom'd gulf of mans unsatiate mind
Proves most outrageous, when 'tis most confin'd,
I could perswade my self, if 'twere a sin
Not to be sinful, Man would soon begin
*To practise goodness, for the flesh would be
Oppugnant to the Spirits faculty.*

XXXV.

The raging fire, the more it is deprest
The more it burns, our Parent Eve transgress
Because she was forbid, although she knew
What unavoided danger would accrew.
*Yet her unsatisfi'd desires were such,
She could not chuse but tast as well as touch.*

Factions

Divine Meditations. 13

XXXVI.

Faction's the worst of Evils, 'tis a sin
Beyond addition ; when we once begin
To fall to *Hereſie*, we know not how
Nor what to act, alas we can allow
A firm reſpect to nothing, *for to day,*
We bug what we to morrow caſt away.

XXXVII.

If we obſerve, it may be quickly ſeen
How great a diſproportion is between
The Schools of God, and Nature, we conceive
In Nature's Schooles, before we can believe;
But in the Schools of God we muſt aſpire,
Fiſt to believe, conceive, and then admire.

XXXVIII.

Affliction is the Chriſtians badge, who knows
Earth's greateſt pleaſure, find her greateſt woes,
Alas what are th' injoyments of this life,
But fleeting ſhadows which denote a ſtrife?
If Davids troubles ſojourn in my breaſt,
Lord give me Davids heart, and I am bleſt.

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XXXIX.

He that endures Affliction, must abide
The harsh directions of his knowing Guide :
For they that travel in this world must take
Affliction by the hand, or else they'l make
A fruitless journey. *He's a senseless slave,
That dances with Earth's Musick to his grave.*

XL.

Affliction is sin's Nursery, and they
That kill the Brat, must take the Nurse away ;
If not, they must expect what's much more worse,
For sin is known to be the Devils Nurse.
Then may they cry with lamentable breath,
No wages will content the Nurse, but death.

XLI.

Wouldst thou prevent affliction? then draw near;
I'll tell thee how, when sin begins t' appear.
Drown it in teares, teares of a heavenly race,
He that includes a sin, excludes a Grace.
*Sin often grows too aged for relief:
There's no danger like a man-ae'd grief.*

Divine Meditations. 15

XXLII.

The wise man grieves not, that he undergoes
Affliction, but because he fully knows
His many sins deserv'd as many more,
If ten times doubl'd, than he did before.

*Patience in things adverse, like Stars, shine bright,
And most transparent in the darkest night.*

XLIII.

'Tis good to be afflicted, or else he
That spoke it took delight in Misery.
If *David's* sins infect thee, let thy heart
Be bath'd in *David's* tears, and then thou art
Indeared unto Heaven: for he that lent
Much time to sin, must borrow to repent.

XLIV.

Repentance leaps to Heav'n, if we expect
A future blessing, we must not neglect
This present business, which if we delay,
We'll want to morrow, what we lost to day:
*But let's consider e're our time be spent,
How soon we sin, and yet how late repent.*

He

16 *Divine Meditations.*

XLV.

He that delays Repentance, makes great haste
 To his own ruine, and commits a waste
 Upon his Soul, for every hour we spend
 And not repent, we wilfully befriend
 Our Adversary, Hell, whose Gins being set,
 He lies and watches, when to draw the Net.

XLVI.

The Net being drawn, well may we run about,
And make our selves more fast, attempting out.
Then our betrayed Souls may sadly say
Had we repented, when 'twas said, to-day,
This Net hath not insnar'd us, nor we cry,
We that did ever sin, must ever dye.

VILX

I want to know what we'll do by:



Gods Love,

A N D

Mans Unworthiness.

GOD! how that word hath thunder-clapt my
Soul

Into a ravishment; I must condole

My forward weakness; Ah, where shall I find

Sufficient *Metaphors* t' express my mind?

Thou heart-amusing word, how hast thou fill'd

My Soul with *Hallelujahs*, and distil'd

Wonders into me! Oh, that I could break

My heart in pieces, and divinely speak

My mind in Raptures, that the frantique Earth

May bath it self in these sweet streams of mirth.

C

Then

Gods Love,

Then rouse my Soul, and practise how to turn
Thy wonders into language; do not burn
Thy sacred fuel in a place where none
Can have the benefit but thee alone.

Hoist up thy Sails, and let thy speedy motion
Hurry thee hence into the boundless Ocean:
Observe thy *Compass*, keep a constant pace,
And *Heav'n* will steer thee to the Port of Grace.

'Tis strange to think, how the *Almighty* can
(That is so pure) love such a thing as *Man*,
Whose primitive corruption makes him worse
Than nothing, whose *Rebellion* claims a Curse,
More than affection: How can *Heav'n* endure
A thing that can be nothing but impure?
Man (like a word that's void of reason) sounds
In every ear, his very name expounds
A misery; at best, he needs must be
But vain; And how can *Heav'n* love vanity?
Man (like a shadow) flies before the Sun
Of his *Afflictions*, and is still undone
By his own doing, he's his own pursuer;
And how can *Heav'n* love such a self-undoer?
Man (like a naked worm) is often found
Digging himself into the loathsome ground
Of ruine, he's a *Traitor* to his Bliss;
And how can *Heav'n* love such a worm as this?

Man

Mans Unworthiness. 3

Man (like a flash of lightning) courts the world
With lavish flames, and by and by is hurl'd
Into that Nothing, whence at first he came;
Then how can God love such a short-liv'd flame?
Man (like a Reed) is evermore inclin'd
To shake, and totter with each blast of wind;
He's always running to the ground with speed:
And how can *Heav'n* love such an earthly Reed?
Man (like the dust) is always blown, and tost
From place to place, and flies, till it has lost
Its Center; never resting in one place: (face?)
Then how can *Heav'n* love that which flies in's
Man (like a Fly) still buzzes up and down
From cup to cup, and sips on, till he drown
Himself in pleasure; fears no stander by:
And how can *Heav'n* love such a drunken Fly?
Man (like a Rain-bow) oftentimes appears
Clothed in colours, but can claim no years,
No days, nay hardly hours, but must decay;
And how can *Heav'n* love that which loves no stay?
Man (like a bubble) floats upon the waves
Of his desires, whilst every blast enslaves
His brittle substance, fill'd with windy troubles;
And how can *Heav'n* love such unconstant bubbles?
Man (like the froth) spew'd from the *Oceans* breast
Is tyed up and down, but knows no rest,

Nor Perpetuity ; and can betroth
 It self to nothing : *Heav'n* loves no such froth.
 Man (like the wind) is every moment flying
 To every place, and hates to be complying
 Or resting any where ; how can it be ?
 That *Heav'n* can love so much inconstancy ?
 Man (like a Swallow) loves the fragrant spring
 Of earths delights, but with a spreading wing
 Flies from the Winters more congealed Brest ;
 And how can *Heav'n* love such a Summer Guest ?
 Man (like a smock) presumptuously aspires
 Into the air, and by and by retires
 Himself to nothing, nothing's his conclusion ;
 And how can *Heav'n* love such a base confusion ?
 Man (like a fire) whose green and scragged fuel
 Denies to burn until it fights a duel
 With the encountring Bellows, which at last
 Obtains the conquest, then it burns as fast,
 And seems as 'twere, ambitious to expire ;
 Then how can *Heav'n* love such a raging fire ?
 Man (like an Arrow) being once let go
 Out from the Archers well commanded Bow,
 Affronts the Clouds, at last, having spent the store
 Of his small strength, falls down, & seems to adore
 Th' inferior Earth, which, with a welcome, hides
 His down-cast head within her wounded sides,
 Where

Mans Unworthiness. 5

Where he remains, and scorns to be withstood :

Man can be any thing, but what is good.

And cannot *Man* be good ? strange kind of tone !

What ? has he wept himself into a stone,

Like *Niobie* ? no sure ; I fear his eyes

Were never loaded with such large supplies :

Ah, could he weep a Flood, *Heav'n* that prepares

His ears to hear, would bottle up his tears

In his remembrance ; every drop should shine

Like *Pearls* absconded in a golden *Myne* :

His *sins* command a *Deluge* ; could his head

Be turn'd into a *fountain*, could he shed

An *Ocean* at a drop, it could not cover

His *sins* (which are mountainous) from the Lover

Of real *drops*, for he would soon descry

Those sand excelling *crimes*, where ere they lie :

Yet would his *Soul* so much compassionate

The flowing sorrows of his warry state,

That with a calming band he would remove

His rocky *sins*, and hide them with his Love ;

He would have pity, and with speed consent

T' express his *love*, when all our *tears* are spent.

Should *Heav'n*, who justly may, for every *sin*

Drop down a *Plague*, and make it live within

Mans guilty *Soul*, the world would quickly be

Transform'd, and chang'd into a leprosie.

Let none despair, for *Heav'n's* known mercies can
 Out-infinite the greatest *sins* of man.
 Oh love beyond degree! Shall *Heav'n* indulge
 Himself to *Man*? and shall not *Man* divulge
 A gratefulness to him, whose hand prepares
 To wipe away his sin-polluted cares?
 Ungrateful *Miscreant*, how canst thou view
 Thy former *Miseries*, and not renew
 Thy thanks to him whose *Power* set thee free,
 And brought thee back from thy *Captivity*?
 Hast thou abandon'd *Love*? wilt thou imprint
 Thy *Soul* with baseness? Ah, what obvious flint
 Hath turn'd *Affections* edge? what, art thou bent
 To shoot at him, that labours to prevent
 The *Arrows* of thy ruine, which will fly
 Into thy brest, except he puts them by?
 Hast thou transform'd thy heart into a rock
 That will not move? Shall mercy call and knock,
 And thou not hear? What? hast thou arm'd thy
 With senseless marble, that no flaming dart (heart
 Of love can enter? Hast thou vow'd to stand
 In opposition? Cannot *Gods* Command
 Force thee to bow? Art thou resolv'd to sport
 With thy destruction, and not yield the Fort?
 Oh yield betimes; do not resolve to be
 Too much a slave to Infidelity:

For

Mans Unworthiness. 7

For know (*frail wretch*) thy strength consists in clay
When *Mercy's* lost, then *Judgment* finds the way.
Rally thy thoughts together, and throw down
Thy brazen walls, thy yielding yields a Crown:
For 'tis in vain to oppose an arm that can
Out-grasp the measure of so small a span.
Alas, Alas! it may be quickly seen
What a large disproportion is between
Thy God, and thee: Consider, he is all,
And thou art nothing; what can be more small?
Or what more great? for he is infinite,
And thou art finite: He is full of light,
And thou of darkness; He is fill'd with love,
And thou art stuff'd with baseness; He's a *Dove*,
And thou a *Worm*: Thus, thus thou mayst descry
His *firmness*, and thine own *infirmity*.
Then be not obstinate, but strike the Sails
Of thy desires to him that never fails;
And know, 'tis easie in an inch of time
To take a *worm* in garrison'd with slime;
For such a thing thou art, and all thy power
Must yield to *Heavens* assaults; thy *April* shower
Has no continuance: therefore do not strive
Against a God, whose wisdom can contrive
What pleases him: Alas! thy state is grounded
Upon contingencies, thou art compounded

Of nothing but uncertainties ; thy Arm
 Assumes no power, except it be to harm
 Thy wilful self : Then why wilt thou contend
 With him that importunes to be thy friend?
 Thy friend, (soul-saving word) what higher bliss
 Can crown a heart, than such a friend as this ?
 Oh life of Ravishment ! how can it be
 A God, a worm, and yet a Sympathie ?
 Strange condescension ! was the like e're known
 Or spoke by any mouth, except his own ?
 His balmy breath declares, that he will save
 And succor those that faithfully do crave
 His blest assistance : Hark, and hear him say,
Ye that are heavy loaded, come away,
Oh come to me, I am content to bear
Your burthens, and extenuate your care.
 What higher note of love was ever strain'd
 To any ear ? Oh how hath man obtain'd
 So great a friendship ! 'Tis a happy lot,
 Nay, and a wonder not to be forgot.
 And yet it is not strange, that he should prove
 So true a Lover, that's compos'd of Love,
 And can do nothing else : If he correct,
 'Tis for thy crimes : he only has th' effect
 Of anger : for his griev'd spirit moans
 To punish Sinners, and to hear their groans :

Mans Unworthiness.

91

His Soul takes no delight to crush to death
The offending pris'ners of th' inferior Earth :
He is the rich Exchequer of all good,
And is by nothing (except man) withstood.
All things perform what they were made to do,
But only man, that strives to prove untrue
To his Creator : nothing can be found
Within thy brest, but that which is unsound.
How sad it is to hear th' Almighty say ,
I've nourish'd children, that are gone astray,
And scorn to own me ! Oh rebellious dust !
That hate my paths, because my ways are just.
The Ox will know his Owner, and the Ass
His Masters crib ; but *Israel*, alas,
Will not acknowledge me, but have destroy'd
Themselves, & made their understanding void :
Has not my fury then just cause to swell,
Because they can do nothing but rebel ?
Nefarious Creature, how canst thou endure
Thy wretched self ? Ah, why wilt thou procure
Thine own destructions ? shall all creatures be
Obedient to their owners, only thee ?
And wilt thou not acknowledge him that gave
Large blessings to thee, and desires to save
Thy Soul from torments, if thou wouldst incline
Thy will to his, whose thoughts are all divine ?

For-

Forget obduracy, and learn the Art
 Of loving him, that loves an upright heart :
 Go ruminare upon thy base estate,
 And be unto thy self, compassionate.
 Yield to thy Maker with a cheerful brow ?
 First know what 'tis to love, and after, how.
 Love is the *Laws* fulfiller ; he that will
 Love God aright, must practise how to fill
 His Soul with true affection ; for the ways
 Of *Heav'n* are pay'd with Love : Immortal praise
 Attend his Courts ; he that forgets to love
 Forgets his God : They that desire to prove
Heav'ns amatorious Guests, must first admire
 How such a spark as man came to aspire
 To such a flame, and how he came to be,
 Not only *Earths*, but *Heavens*, Epitomie :
 Be serious, then, and let thy thoughts reflect
 Upon *Heav'ns* goodness, and thy disrespect.

God out of Nothing (except Love) compil'd
 This spacious World, as if some princely child
 Were to be born : His providential care
 Was (as it were) ambitious to prepare
 The quintessence of pleasures to invite
 Some stately Guest to banquet with delight.
 First he extracted from a darksome Cell
 A glorious Light, whose beauty pleas'd him well ;
 Then

Mans Unworthiness. II

Then he prepar'd a *Canopy*, inlayd
With glittering *Pearl*, whose twinkling luster made
A *Heav'nly* shew; and afterwards his hand
Dash'd back the waters from the naked Land:
Then he commanded, that the Earth, being come
Out from the Oceans new delivered womb,
Should be adorn'd with an imbroidered Gown,
That so her new-warm'd bowels might abound
With several fruits. ———

————— Thus having plaid his part
Upon this Theatre, this life of Art,
He usher'd in a thing, which pleas'd him best,
(*He made the Feast, and after made the Guest;*)
Call'd by the name of *Man*, a naked, small.
And dusty, shiftless Creature; this was all,
And all this nothing, but a lump of death,
Until inspir'd by *Heav'n's* all-quickning breath.
Vain, simple wretch; ah, how couldst thou behave
Thy self before a *Judge* so great, so grave?
Hadst thou but seen thy self, thou wouldst have
Thy self to death, and with a blush, defy'd (cry'd
Thy base estate, to think that thou should'st be
Natures most base and rude *Anatomie*.
Couldst thou expect that *Heav'n* would entertain
A thing so poor? so weak? so vile? so vain?

Which

Gods Love,

Which like a spark blown from a new-made fire,
 Can onely shew it self, and then expire,
 Was it for this the All-Creator made
 Such large provision ? Was't for this he laid
 Such rich Foundations ? Was't for this his Power
 Deckt this well-pleasing odoriferous Bower ?
 Was it for this (this little world) he form'd
 A world so great ? was it for this he warm'd
 The Earths chill bosom ? was't for this he spent
 His six days Labor ? was't for this intent
 He made a *Paradise* ? where *Flora* spred
 Her fragrant off-spring, and made Earth a Bed
 Of rare compounded pleasures, where he plac'd
 This new-come *Guest*, whose very looks disgrac'd
 The Face of Beauty, to whose thriftless hand
 He gave that *Government*, with this Command :

*Of all the Trees that here thou dost behold,
 Thy lips being authoriz'd, thou mayst be bold
 To taste with freedom, only one, which I
 Conjure thee from, therefore restrain thine eye
 From lusting after it ; if not, thy breath
 Shall glut it self in everlasting death :*
*Forget not my Commands, but let thy breast
 Be always faithful, and thou shalt be blest.*

Thus the Recorder having spoke at large
 This well-deliver'd (although ill-kept) Charge,
 He after said ;

Mans Unworthiness. 13

*It is not good that man should be alone
Without a help, He therefore make him one.*

Oh sacred prudence! Here we may discern
A sweet conjunction; here our Souls may learn
Wisdom and Love, both which, if not enjoyd,
Pleasures prove vanities, and blessings void.

Heav'n, whose unidle art-full hand had set
Man, as a Jewel, in his Cabiner,

Thought it unfit, that those delights which he
Had made by his most powerful Love, should be
Monopoliz'd by one, he therefore laid

Adam asleep, and having done, he made
Out of a crooked Rib (strange kind of Art)

A woman, fair, compleat, in every part;
Nay, and a helper too: for in conclusion

She helpt poor Adam to his own confusion.

Oh most detested deed! Unconstant wife,

To prove a Traitor to thy Husbands life

As soon as made: Fond wretch could nothing suit

With thy nice palate, but forbidden fruit?

Ah, could thy longing lie no longer hid?

What? didst thou long, because thou wert forbid?

Was there no tree that could content thy eye,

But only that which was forbidden? Fie,

Oh shame to think thou shouldst so quickly waste

Thine hours of pleasure for a minutes taste:

Couldst

Couldst thou not like, or fall in love with any
 But that? *Heav'n* had but one, & thou hadst many
 Wherewith to please thine appetite; and yet
 Wouldst thou prove so ambitious, as to sit
 Upon the highest twig? Ah, could th' advice
 Of Satan tempt thee to this avarice
 With so much ease, and make thee rashly do
 So foul a deed; and tempt thy *Adam* too?
 Preposterous wretch, how hast thou spread a cloud
 Over thy head? what? didst thou think to shrowd
 Thy self from vengeance? Having ear thy death,
 Couldst thou expect to live? Oh no, thy breath
 Offended *Heav'n*: but ah, hadst thou but thought
 (Before thy heart had entertain'd a fault
 So great as this) what 'twas to die, thy mind
 Had made thee more abstemious, and confin'd
 Thy base inordinate desires; thy meat
 Had prov'd delightful, and thy comforts great:
 But now, unhappily now, thy crimes have made
 Thy Soul Deaths Debtor, and thou art betrayd
 By thine own self; therefore prepare to meet
 Thy wrathful Judge: 'tis said stoln goods are sweet,
 But thine prov'd *sour*, the fruits wch thou hast stole
 Sugar'd thy mouth, but wormwoodiz'd thy soul:
 When thou hadst eaten, Ah! why didst thou not
 Tremble to death, to think thou hadst forgot

Mans Unworthiness. 15

Thy Gods *Commands*, & that his Judgments must
Follow thy Soul, and blow thee into dust ?

Thus *Eve*, thus *Adam*, having vilipended
Their Gods *Commands*, their happines soon ended
Their joys were turn'd to mourning, & their light
Was turn'd to darkness, and their day to night ;
Both being too much conscious, fled with speed
To hide themselves from *God*, but not the deed.

Even as some poor distressed wretch desires
To hide himself from the enraged fires
Of his incensed Foe, runs up and down
To shun the rage of a condemned frown ;
At last observing his enquiring Foe
Approach the place, lies still, and dares not blow,
For fear the wordless Eccho of his breath
Should soon betray him to a sudden death :
Being at last descry'd, his throbbing heart
Gives an Alarum to each trembling part ;
Fear, like an Earthquake, then begins to shake
His loosen'd joynts, he knows not how to make
A ready answer to his foes demands ;
But, as a sad-convicted man, he stands
Subjected to his will, that can dispence
With nothing, but with death, to calm th' offence.
Even so Guilt-loaded *Adam* having done
A deed so foul, prepares himself to run

To

To some close shelter where he might immure
 His naked body, and repose secure :
 But ah, in vain, in vain he strove to hide
 Himself from *God*, that need implore no guide
 To teach him where his sad offender lay ;
 He needs must find when sin hath chalk'd th' way ;
 But when *Heav'n's* shrill-enquiring voice surround
 The ears of *Adam*, *Adam* was confounded (ded
 With deep distress, his heart began to call
 His quivering Senses to a Funeral :
 Fear, like a powerful fire, began to thaw
 His frozen thoughts, and keep his Soul in awe ;
 He breath'd in a *Dilemma*, and could find
 No Sanctuary for a perjur'd mind :
 At last the Language of th' Eternal *God*
 Storm'd his Sin-armed Soul, and like a Rod
 Whipt him from his security, and cry'd,
Adam, where art thou ? Adam thus reply'd,
 I heard thee walking in the pleasing shade
 Of the cool ev'ning, and I was afraid,
 And hid my self, because I must confess,
 I blush'd to see my shameful nakedness.

G O D.

(know

Tell me, thou trembling wretch, how dost thou
 That thou art naked ? say, who told thee so ?

What

Mans Unworthiness. 33

What? has thy lips usurp'd the fruit which I
Conjur'd thee not to touch? if so, reply.

Adam.

The *woman* which thou gav'st me, gave to me,
And I did eat of the forbidden tree.

G O D.

Unconstant *woman*! Ah, why hast thou ruin (done?)
Beyond thy bounds? what's this that thou hast

Woman.

The *Serpent's* flowing language swel'd too great
For my low *banks*: he tempted, and I eat.

Gods Curse against the Serpent.

Because thou hast thus subtilty deluded
The lustful *woman*, thou shalt be excluded
From future good; more shall thy curses yield
Than all the *Beasts* and *Cattel* in the field:
Thy belly shall (because thou hast done this)
Give to the earth a life-remaining kiss;
Thou shalt not taste of any thing that's good,
Dust shall supply the place of wholesome food.
Curst be thy ways, thou shalt no more be seen
By me: I will put enmity between

D

Thy

Thy seed and hers ; hereafter thou shalt feel
A bruised *head*, and she a bruised *heel*.

Gods Curse against the Woman.

And as for thee, oh *Woman*, I'll enlarge
Thy grief and thy conception ; I'll discharge
Thy joyes, and load thee with a weighty grief ;
Thy pains in child-bed shall find no relief ;
Thou shalt desire thy *Husband*, and his hand
Shall over-rule thee with a strict command.

Adams Curse.

Rebellious *Adam*, unto thee I'll give
A Life as bad as *Death*, for thou shalt live
To see thy sorrows more and more abound,
And for thy sake I'll curse the loathed ground ;
For thou hast hark'ned to the conquering voice
Of thy frail *wife*, and made my fruit thy choice,
And sepulchred my words within the grave
Of thy false *heart* ; begon, thou self-made slave :
The thorny ground shall give a large increase
To thy laborious hand ; the name of *Peace*
Shall prove a stranger to thy ears, and thou
Shalt eat thy bread with a sweat-dropping brow,
I'll murder all thy joys ; thy breast shall burn
With flaming care, until thy corps return.

Mans Unworthiness. 35

Into the bowels of th' inclusive earth ; (birth :
From whence thou hadst thy substance, and thy
For base thou art, and therefore thou shalt be
A food for gnawing worms, and not for me :
As thou art dust, to dust thou shalt retire ;

Hereafter let not dust presume t' aspire.

Strange alteration ! Oh pernicious fate ;
Too quickly bred in such an Infant-state !
He that but even now enjoy'd a life
Ballanc'd with pleasures, now is fill'd with strife :
He, whose Majestick Soul was lately crown'd
With blest content, is now ingulf'd, and drown'd
In sorrows Ocean ; He, which was before
Inrich'd with happiness, is now as poor
As poverty can make him ; He, which had
The countenance of Heav'n to make him glad ;
Is now eclips'd ; he knows not where to run,
Sin having interpos'd between the Sun
And his dark Soul, the Center of whose rest
Is now remov'd, and he survives unblest :
He, which but even now had leave to dwell
And revel in Heav'n's eye, desires a Cell
To entertain him ! he which liv'd in Peace,
Is now thrown down, and forfeited his Lease :
Great was his Crime, great was his sudden Fall,
Great was his Tenement, his Rent but small :

Poor *Adam's* taken by his own decoys ;

Sin is the Sequester of all's ys.

Sad *Pilgrim* of the world, where wilt thou find
(In the unparched earth) a place so kind

To entertain thee? Ah, where wilt thou keep
(Thus tumbled from a *Precipice* so steep)

The sad unpeopl'd rendezvous? Oh where
Wilt thou procure a hand that will unsnare
Th'intangled *Soul*? Alas thy wearied life

Has two most sad companions; first a *Wife*,

Then a bad *Conscience*, what two greater crosses
Can hang upon a brest, whose cares, whose losses,
Are grown so infinit, that no relief,

But what distills from Heav'n, can ease their grief?

Thou wert the first of *men* that entertain'd

So grand a sorrow, thou the first that stain'd

So pure a colour, thou the first that dwelt

In *Edens* garden, thou the first that felt

The scourge of fury; hadst thou not transgress'd,

Vengeance had found no hand, nor grief a brest.

Ah, hadst thou not offended, sin had found

No habitation, nor thy *Soul* a wound:

Had not thy hand so wilfully unlock'd

The door of *Death*, Destruction had not knock'd

At thine impenetrable gates, or ventur'd

To approach so near; but being open'd, enter'd

Bold

Mans Unworthiness. 37

Bold Customer of fate, that sought about
To come within, and turn poor Adam out;
Thy strength out strength'd his strength, & made
him weak,

A vessel crack'd, how can it chuse but leak?
Sin prov'd Deaths father, & mans heart the womb
That brought it forth; this Death shall find a Tomb
When the Determiner of time hath hurl'd
A finis to the volume of the world;
Till then, man (mortaliz'd by sin) must be
A subject unto Deaths Sovereignie.

Poor man, in what a wildness of sorrow
Dost thou now ramble in: where wilt thou bor-
A minutes rest? On what inclining ear (row
Wilt thou expend thy groans? what canst thou
But dialects of misery to vex (hear
Thy bankrupt thoughts? The fatal disrespects
Of Heav'n will blow and toss thee up and down
From place to place, his still renewed frown
Will follow thee; therefore provide t' endure
The hor pursutes of such a fierce Pursuer:
Canst thou expect that this thy grand abuse
(Which runs beyond the limits of excuse)
Can be forgotten; dost thou think t' out-live
Thy long-liv'd crimes, or hope for power to give
Due satisfaction to thy God, whose rage,
Thy heart cannot endure, much less assuage?

Most lachrymable state ! What canst thou do,
 Oh man, that may ingratiate or renew
 Thy former love ? Alas, thy base condition
 Makes thee incapable of a *Petition*.
 Prepare thy self, see if thou canst invade
 His *Soul* with pray'rs, see if thou canst persuade
 His *Heart* to yield unto thy sad request,
 And re-inthrone thee with thy former rest ;
 Dissect thy *Soul* with groans, anatomize
 Thy *heart* with sighs, and let thy winged cries
 Fly through the *Angles* of his sacred ear,
 And breed a harmony within the Sphere
 Of his blest *Soul* ; be circumspect, and lay
 The best foundation ; hear what *Heav'n* will say,

Adams Petition to God.

Incensed *Father* of eternal light,
 Permit a darkened *Soul* t' approach the sight
 Of thine incomparble eye ; unmask
 Thy Anger-clouded *Soul*, and let me ask
 Forgiveness for those loading Crimes which press
 My staggering *Soul* ; I know not whom t' address
 My apostate self unto, but only thee,
 Whom I offended ; Please to pity me :
 I have no pleasing sacrifice t' atone
 Thy wrathful Brest, except a hearty groan

That's

Mans Unworthiness. 39

That's quadrupl'd with grief; Oh deign to look
Upon the lines of my all-blotted book:
Although I'm full of most deserted spots,
Yet *Lord*, I know that thou canst read my blots;
Oh read them then, and let thy mercies run
With thy progressive eye; I am undone,
If not forgiven; *Lord* I thee implore
To shew some mercy to me, thou hast store,
Decipher all my *sins*, and let them not
Bear record in thy *Books*, but rest forgot;
Revoke this *Act* of death, that I may sing
Th' admired mercies of so blest a *King*.
Oh lift me up, that now am thrown below;
Make not my *Soul* the Custom-house of woe.
Oh hear these bitter groans that I have spent,
And send some comfort from thy *Parliament*.

Gods Reply.

Thou *Skeleton* of baseness, hie thee hence,
Disturb me not; return, I say, from whence
Thou cam'st at first; thou shalt as soon remove
A mountain, as my mind: I cannot love,
No nor I will not, nothing shall intreat
My resolutions, for my fury's great.
Begone, proud *Rebel*, do not think thy prayers,
Thy vows, thy groans, thy sighs, thy sobs, thy tears

Shall make my brest their recepracle ; No :
How can I be a friend to such a foe ?
Surcease thy importunities, let fall
Thy high desires, I will not hear thee call,
Thy Sins have barr'd my ears ; I'll not be won
With thy base airy words, for thou hast spun
The thread of thy destruction, therefore wear
What thou hast labour'd for, and so forbear
T'intrench upon my patience ; 'tis in vain
To seek for that which thou shalt not obtain.
And is it thus, that *Heav'n* will not regard
My cries ? Ah me ! and must my groans be heard
With disrespect by him, whose tongue affords
Nothing, but grief, involv'd with bitter words ?
Alas, alas ! what greater woe can crowd
Into a brest than to be disavow'd
By *Gods* high voice, whose most enraged breath
Darts forth the Arrows of eternal death ?
What shall I do ? Oh, whither shall I run
To hide my self, until the glorious Sun
Of his affections usher in the day
Of welcom Joy ? Oh, whither shall I stray ?
If I am silent, then my silence turns
My thoughts to fire ; If speak, my speech returns
Trebl'd with wo, into the brazen Tower
Of my sad heart, my language has no power

Mans Unworthiness. 41

To work upon his ears, my words (like balls
Banded, and thrown against th' obdurate walls;
Unyielding brest) bounds back again, and breaks
Into my heart, and every sorrow speaks
A volume at a word ; yet, yet must I
Return unheard ; 'tis misery to dye,
And pain to live ; thus in despair I draw
The loathsome air : *Destruction knows no Law* ;
Grief rains a flood of doubt into my Soul ;
Ah me ! I can do nothing but condole :
I am despis'd ; and if I bend the force
Of my desires to him, he will divorce
All thoughts of pity, and with rage re-double
Th'unsum'd up sums of my infringing trouble.

I sail into the *Straits*, both wind and tyde
Prevail against me, and I have no guide
To Pilot me unto the long'd-for Port
Of pleasing happiness ; I am a sport
To threatening Ruine, whose presumptuous waves
Out-dares my Soul, whilst every blast enslaves
My reeling Pinnacle : If I strive to go
Towards *Scylla*, *Scylla* will contemn my wo,
Alas in vain I can expect relief,
Scylla will bark at my unbridled grief ;
Or if my head-long vessel chance to hit
Against *Charybdis*, I am torn and split
Into

Into ten thousand peices ; Oh hard hap !
 Thus am I tossed in Destructions lap.
 Where shall I find a heart that will advise
 My friendless Soul, and audiate my cries ?
 I will not thus desist, I must implore,
 He that's lost once, sure can be lost no more.

Adams Petition to God.

Once more, thou *Metropolitan* of all
 The spacious world, I here presume to call
 Upon thy mercy ; Oh let me inherit
 The pleasing fruit of thy re-pleased Spirit :
 I am thy *fabrick*, Oh some pity take,
 Preserve the building for the Builders sake. (eye
 Cloath not thy brow with frowns, but let thine
 (That rests in thrin'd with glorious Majesty)
 Reflect upon my sorrows ; Oh encline
 Thy willing ears to hear this grief of mine :
 Oh do not say I shall as soon remove
 A mountain as thy heart, thou canst not love ;
 Let not such harsh imbitter'd language flow
 Out of a mouth so sweet ; I know, I know,
 Thou art as good as great ; oh therefore bow
 Thy sacred ears to hear, oh hear me now :
 Bestow some scraps on me, that have deserv'd
 Nothing but stripes ; for I have fondly swerv'd
 From

Mans Unworthiness. 43

From thy commands & have committed treason
Against thy Majesty: Great God of Reason,
View my en-humbled Soul, see how it lies
Before thy sight, a weeping Sacrifice,
I know thou know'st I am a hainous sinner,
Yet pity me, that am a young beginner
In this rich art of *begging*: Do not slight
My real prayers; I know thou tak'st delight
In being merciful; Oh let me not
Return unanswer'd, or my prayers forgot:
Oh hear the sorrows of my bleeding state,
Let my complaints make thee compassionate,
And let the fervor of my language turn
Thy thoughts to pity; quench these flames that
My wasting Soul; speak peace to me that find
A civil war in my uncivil mind:
Oh I have tasted of thy hot displeasure
Too much, Ah shall thy vengeance know no mea-
Say 'tis enough; though (*Lord*) I must confess
I have deserved more, yet give me less.
Thus with a melting heart I end my Suit,
Ab me! how bitter is forbidden fruit!

Gods Reply.

Thou bold-fac'd Orator, how dar'st thou come
Before me, or be otherwise than dumb?

Tell

Tell me, how dar'st thou interrupt my brest?
 I hate to see thee, or hear thy Request.
 Audacious wretch, What, has my Judgment made
 Thy heart grow peremptory? Have I laid
 Too small a burthen on thee? If I have,
 I'll lay a greater, thou apostate slave:
 I will not note thee, nor I will not hear
 Thy words, which have usurp'd my deafned ear:
 Love thee, for what? best known, sad wretch, I
 To love a thing so base, so vile, forlorn; (scorn
 And if I cannot love, how can it be,
 That I can pity such a worm as thee?
 I'll neither love, nor pity, for my heart
 Is *Adamantine*; thou shalt feel the smart
 Of my displeasure; Go, my *Soul* disdains
 To look upon thee; thou art so fill'd with stains,
 And smel'st too much of *Fruit* to find respect,
 Thou art the subject of my great neglect:
 Thou art a barren *Soil*, nothing will grow
 Upon thy heart, except the seeds of woe.
 Tell me, from what conceit thou dost derive
 Thy working confidence, that thou dar'st drive
 Thy language to my ears, and be so bold
 T' approach my sight, and wilt not be control'd?
 Art thou resolv'd to make (what dost thou mean)
 My ears thy stage, and every word a scian?

Mans Unworthiness. 45

Sum up thy small, thy weak defects, and see
What large respects thou hast deserv'd from me.
I plac'd thee in a *Garden*, not to eat
The *fruit* forbidden, but to keep it near;
Had not the violation of my *Laws*
Mov'd me to anger, thou hadst had no cause
T' have felt the burthen of my weighty stroke,
Or live thus much subjected to the yoke
Of thine own sins; most shameful is that Loss
That's crown'd with negligence, & great the cross
That's made with a self-hand; & they that clime
Above their strengths impropriate a crime
To their own *Souls*; Destruction is the end
Of all Rebellion: *Ruine knows no friend*.

Suppose I should invest and entertain
Your Soul with Love, and call thee back again,
The *Tree* is still the same, the *fruit* as sweet,
Thy *appetite* as great, and thou mayst meet
A *Serpent* too, whose oratorious skill
May soon entreat thee to enact his will:
He has a voice to tempt, and thou an ear
Will re-assume the priviledge to hear:
He has a hand to give, and thou another
Freely to take: thus wouldst thou smother
Thy new delights; therefore I will not trust
A heart that can be nothing but unjust.

Thou

Thou great *Mugul* of baseness, cease to plead,
 Thy tongue's a canker, and thy words are lead;
 Thy *sins* have made thee not deserve the air
 Thou entertain'st; hadst thou employ'd thy care
 To serve me, when I lov'd thee, thou hadst had
 My heart-delighting joys to make thee glad;
 But now expect no favour, for no Art
 Of thine shall ever captivate my heart.
 Hie thee unto the shades of grief, bewail
 Thy sequestrated happiness, no bail
 Of thy procuring will I take to set
 Thy *Soul* at liberty; I will not let
 The vision of a comfort creep within
 Thy rambling thoughts, thou art a slave to sin:
 Hadst thou but lov'd or fear'd me at the first,
 Th'adst been as happy, as th'art now accurst:
 If now thou lov'st me, I shall quickly prove
 It is for fear alone, and not for love.
 Thy heart is steel'd with wickedness, thy faults
 Are sparks enlivened by thy flinty thoughts.
 Breath out thy groans unto a senseless rock,
 And let thy sighs (like hammers) beat and knock
 Against her scragged sides, thou shalt as soon
 Have her consent, as mine, to grant thy boon:
 'Tis therefore vain to multiply thy words,
 For ah, my brest, my hardened brest, affords

Mans Unworthiness. 47

Thy Soul no pity : and the more thy cry
Attempts my ear, the less I will reply,
Alas ! thy guilt-o're-burth'ned words renew
Fresh thoughts of rage, I cannot hear thee sue
Without impatiency ; for ah, the longer
Thou crav'st, thou mak'st my fury grow the stron-
Avoid my presence, for I will no more (ger.
Give audience to thy voice, then cease i' implore.

Adams Lamentation.

Undone, undone ! what mountain now will hid :
My loathed body from the swelling tyde
Of raging Vengeance ? Whither shall I fly
T'involve my Soul with true security ?
Stretch, stretch my lungs, and roar unto the deep
T'entertain me : Oh that I might sleep
Within her wavy bowels, till the blast (past
Of Heav'ns all-shaking thundring Voice were
Oh that some Rock would hear my sad request,
And give me burial in her frigid breast !
Oh that my grief-extended voice could cleave
The solid Earth, and make her to receive
My wretched limbs ! Oh that some ranging beast
Would prove so courteous to devour, and feast
Upon my corps ! Oh that I could contrive
A way to live, and yet not be alive !

Ab,

Ah, thus my sorrow-shaken fancy flies,
 And envies at impossibilities.
 I fain would dye, but that I have no heart
 To kill my self, and yet I feel a smart
 Transcending death; I see I cannot shun
 The wrath of *Heav'n*: Ah, thus I am undone
 By my own doing, this it is to eat
 Forbidden fruit: Oh most pernicious meat!
 I was too rash, and rashly have I taken
 A deadly fall, and falling, am forsaken:
 I'm bruise'd to death, and yet I cannot dye;
 Ah, what can be so much unblest as I?
 I am inflamed, and I dayly drench
 My *Soul* with tears, and yet I cannot quench
 My raging fires; the more I strive t' assuage
 And mitigate my pains, the more they rage.
 What shall I do, or whither shall I go,
 To hide me from this *Labyrinth* of woe?
 I am compos'd of sorrow, and my veins,
 In stead of blood, are fill'd with griping pains:

Curst be these eyes of mine, which have let in
 The lawless tyrant of imperious Sin:
 Curst be these lips of mine, which at the suit
 Of my fond wife receiv'd forbidden fruit:
 Curst be these ears, that entertain'd the Charm
 Of that Inchantress, which procur'd my harm:

Curst

Mans Unworthiness. 49

Curst be these hands of mine, which took, and fet
My greedy *Soul*, and struck my Conscience dead:
And now my *lips*, my *ears*, my *hands* my *eyes*;
Must see, hear, taste, and feel, my miseries.
Oh sad condition! Since there's no relief,
I must be subject to perpetual grief.
Here we will leave poor *Adam* in the state
Of woe, and thus begin to ruminate.

Are there not many in this toilfom age
That meditate themselves into a rage,
And wonder how a *Serpent* could express
Himself, and reason with such readiness;
Being by nature brute, nay and the worst
Of living *creatures*, that he should at first
Perswade and conquer, and instruct his will.
How to determine both of good and ill?
It would seem strange, if Reason were without
Her wings, and could flie above this doubt:
We may (and yet not stain the truth) declare
It was the work of *Satan* to ensnare
Frail *Eve*; although he was not nam'd at all
By *Moses* in the Hist'ry of the *Fall*,
It may not trouble us, for we must know,
The bending *Serpent* was the *Devils* bow,
By which he shot the arrows of his spite,
Which did [Oh grief to speak it!] flie too right:
E And

And he that dares so high a Crime to act
 (Though by another) needs must own the fact:
 And this our tongues may never cease to tell,
 The *Serpent* was the Instrument of *Hell*,
 Tun'd to the *Devils* voice: thus we may see
 His fraud, his malice, and his subtiltie.
 First when he saw he could not over-turn
 The great *Creator*, he begun to burn
 With flames of envy, lab'ring to invade,
 And to disturb that order *God* had made
 In the *Creation*, and to change the features
 Of his own *Image* in the best of *Creatures*,
 That so he may by his too sooth delusion
 Make *Man* run headlong to his own confusion:
 Thus having laid the platform of his work,
 He then begun to agitate, and lurk
 For opportunity, which was effected
 As soon, nay if not sooner, than expected;
 He gave the blow, and by that blow he found
 The weakest *Vessel* had the weakest sound;
 But yet it strongly eccho'd to the voice
 Of his desires, and made him love his choice.

Even as some bold-sa'd *General*, that dares
 To storm a well-man'd *Town*; at first prepares
 A potent *Army*, which he soon sets down
 Before the Walls of the alarm'd *Town*;

He

Mans Unworthiness. 51

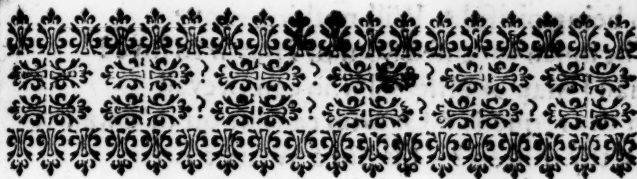
He after views the ruine-threatning-Fort,
Which speaks defiance, and begins to sport
Their several shots, and with a sad delight
Engage each other in a bloody fight;
Then if the fierce *Besiegers* once perceive
Themselves out-strength'd, they think it fit to leave
So hot a work, and for a little space
Desist, and fall upon a weaker place,
Where finding smaller opposition, venture
With greater Courage, and at last they enter
The yielding *Town*, and cruelly begin
To take revenge of them which are within.

Even so the grim look'd, malice-armed *Devil*,
The base-resolved *General* of Evil,
Perceiving that he could by no means take
The sublime *Fort* of *Heav'n*, plots how to make
A fresh attempt, upon a weaker part,
And so prepares to storm the flexive heart
Of unresisting *Eve*; that could not grapple
With such a *Foe*, but yielded for an Apple
To those most false alarms which surrounded
Her, much obedient, and soon confounded
Her inward parts, and gave her Soul a wound,
Which cannot be by time or art made sound,
Except the grand *Physician* please to slake
His swelling fury, and some pity take.

Thus are our conquer'd parents sadly left
 In a deplor'd condition, and bereft
 Of all their comforts ; they which have enjoy'd
 The life of happiness, are now destroy'd ;
 And *man* (his wretched off-spring) must be made
 Sorrows sad heir, and Peace must not be said
 T' inhabit in him. *Adams* actual sin
 Made ours original ; for we begin,
 As soon as made, to entertain the guests
 Of sin, and lodge them in our infant-breasts.
 Now may our weak and despicable eyes
 Behold in them, our ample miseries :
 Now we may glut the air with this sad cry,
 The root being dead, the branches needs must dye ;
 For *Adam's* gone beyond all humane call :
Rebellion never ends without a Fall.

But stay my *Muse*, here let us rest a while ;
 Our *Journey's* long, and 'tis not good to toyl
 Too much at first, for *Reason* sayes 'tis best
 To pause a time, and take a little rest :
 Know then (kind Reader) that my *Muse* shall meet
 Thy serious eyes within another sheet.

The end of the first Book.



THE SECOND
 B O O K
 OF
 G O D S L O V E,
 AND
Mans Unworthiness.

A Re all hopes fled? and is there no relief?
 Must man still wander in the shades of grief?
 Will not the eye of *Heav'n* be pleas'd to shine
 Upon his *Soul*, but leave him in the brine
 Of his own *Sins*? Is there no warbling voice
 Can charm his ears, and woo him to rejoice

54

Gods Love,

In being pitiful? Will nothing move
 The much incensed Soul of *Heav'n* to love?
 Man [Map of Misery] who can prevail
 In thy requests? Or who can cut off th' entail
 Of thy distress? 'Tis not a Writ of Error
 Can satisfie, or guard thee from the terror
 Of thine own *Conscience*, which will alway stare
 Upon thy face, and load thee with despair:
 'Tis not a *Habeas Corpus* will remove
 The body of thy sin, none can disprove
 The Will of *God*, what he resolves to do
 Must neither be withstood, nor divid into:
 It lies beyond thy power to perswade
 Thy *God* to pity, whom thy Sins have made
 A wrathful Judge; what he intends, must be,
 Derived from himself, and not from thee;
 For thou hast nothing in thee worth the name
 Of good, because thy glory's turn'd to shame:
 Thou art corrupt and vile in every part,
 And who can know the evil of thy heart;
 Which like the *Ocean*, that no art nor eye
 Can search her bottom, or her banks descry:
 Therefore til *heav'n* shall please to change the state
 Of thy condition, Reason bids thee wait;
 For be assur'd, the promis'd seed will spread
 It self abroad, and bruise the *Serpent's* head.

ni

Even

Mans Unworthiness. 55

Even as the *Fountain*, whose exuberous breast
Is always fluent, and admits no rest;
But with a cheerful willingness she sends
Her *Christal* tokens to her smaller friends.

Even so our *God* stillerth from above
The healing streams of his refreshing love;
For ah the lustre of his Sun-bright eye
Is drown'd in tears, when our sad Souls prove dry!
Oh admiration! that a *God* so just
Should rain down floods upon a heap of dust!
Oh Mercy! that so much incens'd a *God*
Should send forth *Mercy*, and keep in his *Rod*!
His *Soul* is fill'd with pity, and his eyes
Begin to view th' unsavariere miseries
Of *Adams* down-cast off-spring: Though his ear
Seems unto us resolved not to hear
Their bitter cries, nor note the sad Devotions
Of their contristed hearts; yet by the Motions
Of his blest *Soul*, he sends his Son and Heir
Into this wretched world, that he might bear
The *Cross* of our Transgressions, and expel
The clouds of *Sin*, and conquer *Death* and *Hell*:
Thus by his dearth we liv'd, and by his grief
Our new-calm'd *Souls* were furnisht with relief.
Oh sudden change! That winde which did before
Drive wretched *man* upon the threatening shore

Of unavoyding *ruine*, fills the sails
 Of his desires with mild and prosperous ga'es ;
 The *Boreas* of his sin does now surcease
 His full-mouth'd blasts, and *Zephyrus* speaks peace
 Unto his shipwrack'd *Soul*, and now he rides
 Upon the new-tam'd backs of pleasing Tydes.
 Oh that my tongue were able to rehearse
 The love of God with an Angelike Verse !
 Oh that some Heav'nly Deity would fill
 The black mouth'd concave of my wandring quill
 With pure celestial Ink, that I might write
 In heavenly characters, and learn t' indite
Jehovahs praises in a style as high
 As my desires, and make the lofty Skie
 Echo with *Hallelujahs*, that the Earth
 May (like a Midwife) hug the joyful birth
 Of every word, and make each corner ring
 (With peals of joy) the Glories of our King :
 Is man deliver'd from the painful womb
 Of his foul sin, and raised from the tomb
 Of everlasting death? and shall not we
 Applaud that hand which set such pris'ners free?
 What, shall we be afraid to crack and break
 The chains of silence, and attempt to speak
 The dictates of *Angels*? No ; let's call
 Upon his name, that rais'd us from a Fall,

Let's

Mans Unworthiness. 57

Let's stretch our lungs, & with a warbling breath
Sing to the life, how we were rais'd from death;
And when our tongues are wearied, let's express
By heav'nly signs our real thankfulness.

But stay, where runs my quill? what, have I lost
My self in raptures? or else am I lost
Into the Air of pleasure by the wind
Of true delight? If passion proves so kind,
I am content, Oh may I always rest
Adorn'd and crown'd with a heav'n ravisht brest!
O love ineffable! Must wretched *Man*,
The spawn of baseness, and the unmeasur'd span
Of everlasting infancy, be made
Loves object? Must th' *Almighty's* love be said
To dwell in *Man*, whose tongue cannot deliver
The least of thanks unto so great a Giver?

Will the Sun-gazing *Eagle*, that soars high,
Descend t' assist the web-infolded Fly?
Will he that hearkens with a willing ear
To pleasing musick, turn away to hear
Confounding discords? or will any woo
A perjur'd *enemy* to come and go
Into his *Courts*? will any hand forbear
To strike at him that labors to impair
His worth, and contumeliously upbraid
His upright deeds? Will he that is betray'd

Affect

Affect the *Traitor*, and with patience sue
 For reconcilment, when as *death* is due?
 All this best *Heav'n* will do, that he might place
 Vain *man* within the Covenant of Grace.
 Consider *man*, how often hath this Mirror
 Of pure affection woo'd thee from thine error?
 Thou inconsiderate dust, which every winde
 Can puff away, how canst thou prove unkinde
 To such a *Lover*, that delights to spin
 His bowels out, to nourish thee within
 His milky bosom? Shall his bounty crave
 Thy base acceptance? Shall he be a *slave*
 To his own *slaves*? Ah, shall thy *God* implore,
 And beg of beggars to receive his store?
 Does he, whom *Heav'n* and *Earth* cannot contain,
 No nor the *Heav'n* of *Heav'ns*, stoop down to gain
 Thy *dull* respects? And ah, wilt thou not raise
 Thy stupid *Soul* an inch to give him praise?
 Thy fervent Prayers he always will admit,
 Then how canst thou remember to forget
 A *God* so mindful? How canst thou forbear
 To numerate his love without a tear?
 How can thine eyes (when thou observ'st the Sun)
 Refuse to weep, to see him daily run
 His painful Progress, and rejoyce to greet
 The *Earth* with lustre to direct thy feet,

Thy

Mans Unworthiness. 59

Thy sinful feet, which every moment slide
Into *Rebellion*, loaded with thy pride; (ground
How canst thou choose, when thou behol'dst the
Whereon thou tread'st, but voluntary drown'd
Thy self in briny floods, to think what care
Indulgent *Heav'n* hath taken to prepare
For thee, before thou wert, and how his hand
Hath for thy profit, fertiliz'd the Land?
How can thy rocky *heart* refuse to vent
A stream of blood, when thou beholdst th'extent
Of the unbounded *Ocean*, how it hides
Within the bosom of her swelling Tydes,
Diversities of *Fish*, which live to feed
Thy gulf of gluttony at time of need?
Uncloud thy thoughts (*O Man*) and thou shalt see
He who ordained all these things for thee,
Created thee for him, that thou mayst give
The praise to him, that lends thee leave to live.
Be serious *Man*, consider how thou hast
Converted all these blessings into waste:
Know that the great Edificer of things
Furnisht thy Soul with Reason, gave thee wings
To fly above all mortals, and hath crown'd
Thy head with heaps of Honor, and hath bound
Inferior creatures, prentice to thy will;
And this he did, because thou shouldst fulfill
Thy

Thy *Gods* Commands; but thou that wert the best,
 Hast made thy self more loathsome than the rest,
 And by thy most detested deviation
 Abus'd thy glory, of thy free *Creation* :
 Though the Majestick *Eagles* will despise
 To be assistant to th' intangled *Flies* ;
 Yet *Heav'n* will from his lofty *Throne* descend
 And with a speedy cheerfulness defend
 The sons of *men*, who daily are betray'd
 By those insidious snares which *Satan* lay'd
 T' intrap their *Souls* : Alas, how void of care
 Is heedless *man* ! How subject to a snare !
 But he, whose more than superficial love
 Is always active, lab'ring to improve
 Our hearts with thankfulness, denies to let
 Our *Souls* be taken in th' eternal net
 Of unconceived misery, and live
 In lasting *death*, not having power to give
 The least of drops unto our howling tongues,
 But suck the Flames, until our sulphurous lungs
 Crackle, and belch forth brimstone, till we tire
 Our Carbonado'd members in a fire
 That's inextinct ; the more we strive to turn
 Our parched *Souls*, still more and more they burn.
 Resolve these things within thy serious mind ;
 Oh *Man* ! let Love instruct thee to be kinde

To

Mans Unworthiness. 61

To him that's loving ; do no disrespect
A *God*, whose *Soul* so dearly can affect :
Pour out thy thoughts, and practise to relent,
And let thy thoughts induce thee to repent :
Grasp opportunity, Time's always flying ;
God's always living, and thou always dying :
Dye then, before thou dy'st, redeem the time,
Because thy days are evil ; learn to clime
Jacobs erected ladder ; thou shalt see
Th'adst better clime a *Ladder*, than a *Tree* ;
As *Judas* did : Be wise, and do not fan
Thy *Soul* with air ; remember what a span
Thou art ; remember whose inspired breath
Made thee a *Soul* ; forget not whose sad death
Made thee alive ; be mindful that thou art
Th' Epitomy of *Heav'n* ; inure thy heart
To love the best of loves, so shall thy brest
Be fill'd with comfort, and thy *Soul* with rest :
Prepare and know, the very fowls delight
To prune their wings before they take their flight.
Although terrestrial *Kings* will not permit
A *Traitor* to his Courts, nor let him sit
Before his presence, though they will not hear
A Malefactors prayers ; yet *Heav'n's* blest ear
Is always open, and his tongue invites
Repentant sinners, for his eye delights

To

To view them in his Courts when they appear ;
 For muddy waters, may at last prove clear ;
 'Tis not unlike ; ill scented dunghills may,
 At last bear flowers ; that which is foul to day,
 To morrow may prove fair ; the thing that cost
 Millions of silver, may as well be lost,
 As things of smaller value ; *Heav'n* can spy
 A mite, as well as mountains ; for his eye
 Is lodg'd in every cranny of mans heart,
 And he knows all, that searches every part.
 Where breathes that Mortal that can comprehend
 The ways & thoughts of *God*, who knows the end
 Of his beginning? —————

He that can break a rocky heart in twain,
 And re-unite it (if he please) again ;
 He that can part the boiling waves, and stand
 Upon the *Seas*, as on the dryest Land ;
 He whose celestial power can make the graves
 To open, and command their slumb'ring slaves
 To rise ; nay more, to stand ; nay more, to walk ;
 Nay more (if more than this may be) to talk :
 He that can make a *Whale* to entertain
 A *Jonah*, and to spue him out again ;
 He whose almighty power can unlock
 The flinty bowels, of a scragged Rock,

And

Mans Unworthiness. 63

And make her headlong-gushing streams abound
To wash the bosom of the thirsty ground ;
He that can transmutate by power divine
The poorest water into richest wine ;
He that can curb rude *Boreas*, and assuage
The lawless passion of the Oceans rage ;
He that can rain down *Manna* to supply
The craving stomachs of mortality ;
He that can, like an all-commanding *God*,
Make *Almonds* flourish from a sapless rod ;
He that can make the *Sun* and *Moon* stand still,
Or run according to his sacred Will ;
He that sav'd a *Daniel* from the paws
Of *Lions*, and can muzzle up their jaws ;
He that can make the greedy Raven carry
Food to his Servants like a *Commissary* ;
He that can, with an unresisted hand,
Dash fire into Ice, and counter-mand
The wanton flames, & charm them, that they dare
But burn his Servants cords, and not their hair ;
He that can cause *ten thousand* to be fed
With two small *fishes*, and five *loaves* of bread ;
He that can cloth himself with fire, and name
Himself, *I AM*, and make a bush to flame
Without consuming ; He that can convert
A *Rod* into a *Serpent*, and not hurt ;

He

He that can make his visage shine so bright;
 That not a *Moses* can behold the light;
 He that can strike a hand with leprosie,
 And cure it in the twinkling of an eye;
 He that can in a moment cut and break
 Tongue-tying cords, & make the dumb to speak;
 He that can out of unregarded stones
 Raise unto *Abraham* many little ones;
 He that can heal the *Cripple* with a touch,
 And free him from the thraldom of his Crouch;
 He that can cure the *deaf*, and can expel
 A thousand *Devils* in despite of *Hell*;
 He that can perfect what he first begun,
 Expects that *man* should say, *Thy Will be done*.
 Consider *man*, and thou shalt find it true,
Heav'n can do all, but what he will not do:
 Think not because thou art of low estate,
 That he will scorn to love, and love to hate:
 Remember *Dives*, whose unsumm'd up store
 Improv'd so much, until he prov'd as poor
 As ever *Job* was: *Job*! unhappy I
 To speak it, he was rich in poverty;
Heav'n made poor *Job* so rich, that *Satans* wealth
 Could purchase nothing from him, but his health,
 And that corporeal too; he could not boast
 His bargain, for 'twas *Job* that purchas'd most.
 "Happy

Mans Unworthiness. 63

"Happy is he that can at last inherit
"Riches obtain'd by an improv'rish'd spirit :
"We'd better lick with *Lazarus* the crumbs,
"Than gripe with *Dives* for Soul-damning sums.
Wealth cannot bribe the flames, yet scraps may
feed

The hungry wretch; he that has wealth, may need
The *Crumbs* of comfort : *David* did condole
Th' abundant famine of his hungry *Soul* :
Gods Love's not mercenary, to be sold
For brain-distracting, heart-confounding gold.
Hast thou not heard (*O Man*) the heav'nly cry
Of him that says, Ye that are poor, come buy,
Come buy of me ; your pen'worth shall be such,
That for a little you shall purchase much.
Here's Love that's spun unto the smallest thred,
Though thou want'st mony , yet thou mayst have
Do thou but ask, thou shalt not fail to have (bread
For *God's* more free to give, than thou to crave :
Fear not to ask of him, whose ready ear,
Before thy tongue can ask, is apt to hear.
Heav'n loves the language of a broken heart,
And he will harken, and with joy impart
His love unto thee, and his milk and wine,
Without the price of mony shall be thine.
Th' ingrated *Pris'ner*, whose dull tongue is whet
With sharp'ned hunger, will not fear, to let

His language fly to every ear that comes
 Within his audience ; and he always sums
 The totals of his grief in hungry words,
 Whilst thousands pass along, but few affords
 The blessing of an *Alms* ; perhaps they'll grieve,
 And seem to pity, but will not relieve :
 Yet will he not desist, but hourly cry,
 Bread, bread, for Heav'n's sake bread, or else I die.
 Hard hearted *Man*, why wilt thou not relent
 To hear thy *Brother*, almost hunger-spent,
 Craving thy succour ? Where's thy love become ?
 Because th'art deaf, ah! wu'dst thou have him dumb
 Or dost thou think, because thy panch is fill'd,
 He cannot hunger ? He that first distill'd
 Those mercies on thy head, expects that thou
 Shouldst feed thy *Brother* with a cheerful brow ;
 Say not thou canst not give, thy treasure's light :
 But let thy heart record the *widow's* mite,
 So *Heav'n* will fill thy Cisterns to the brim,
 And feed thy *Soul*, because thou hast fed him.

Should the *Grandfather* of true Charity
 Pass by the gates, and hear thee beg and cry,
 And not relieve thee ; should he slight thy prayers
 And scorn to take a survey of thy tears ;
 Wouldst thou not grieve, and pine thy self to dust
 And almost say thy *God* was much unjust

To

Mans Unworthiness. 67

To turn away his ears from thy complaint ;
And disrespect thy pray'rs, and let thee faint
For want of food ? Ah, whither wouldst thou fly
To feed thy famish'd *Soul*, should *Heav'n* deny ?
But ah he cannot, for his melting *Soul*
Is always free, and willing to condole
The sad conditions of distressed *Man*,
Who only strives to do, but what he can
To contradict him ; yet he'l hear our grief :
In multitudes of mercies lies relief.

When our impris'ned *Souls* peep throw the grates
Of this corrupting *Earth*, our *God* dilates
Himself unto us, and he sends us meat
From the rich store-house of his lofty seat ;
He hears ; and hearing pities ; pitying, sends ;
And sending, blesses ; and with blessing ends.

Even as the *Sun*, which every day surrounds
The sublime *Globe*, and pries into the bounds
Of this dark *Center* ; let his Beams reflect
Upon a Molehil with as much respect
As on a Mountain ; for his glorious Beams
Shine always with equivalent extreams,
Even to the great and powerful *Three in One*,
That sits upon his all-inlight'ning *Throne*,
Does not deny to let his mercy crown
The poorest *Peasant* with as much renown

As the most stateliest *Emperor* ; though he
 Invests his body with more dignity ,
 Yet he's but earth, and must at last decay,
 For *Prince* and *Peasant* go the self same way ;
 Their earth must turn to earth , their *Souls* return
 To him that gave them, or for ever burn ;
 There's no distinction, one infused breath
 Made them alike, and both must live in death
 Or everlasting life ; both must commence
 Divines in *Heav'n* ; there's no preheminance,
 But all equality, all must express,
 With equal Joy, their equal Happiness.
 Reuse up dull *man*, and let thy wak'ned *Soul*
 Be vigilant ; oh let thy thoughts enroul
 The love of *God*, engrave it in thy brest,
 That his resounding tongue may read thee blest.
 O let thy sighs, like Pens, and let thy tears
 Like Ink, transcribe the Love, th' indulgent cares
 Of thy *Creator*, that himself may find
 (Within th' unblotted volume of thy mind)
 Himself recorded, so will he imbrace
 Thy spotless *Soul*, and fill thee with his grace,
 Incline thine ears, and let thy heart rejoyce
 To hear the strains of his harmonious voice :
 Harken, and thou shalt hear his *Prophets* sing
 Th' admired Mercies of the glorious *King*.

Mans Unworthiness. 69

Thus saith the *great*, and ever-living *One*, *Isa.*
That rules the *heav'ns*, & governs *earth* alone, 43.
Thus saith the *Lord*, that takes delight to dwell 1.
Amongst his *Saints*, that formed *Israel*,
Created *Jacob*, let thy sorrows flee
Out of thy brest, I have redeemed thee:
'Twas I that made thy clouded visage shine,
And call'd thee by my Name, for thou art mine.
I will be with thee, when thy feet shall wade 2.
Thorow the waters; I will be thy aid;
He make thee walk through Rivers, and the waves
Shall prove ambitious to become thy slaves:
And when thou walkest through the raging fire,
Th' unruly flames shall not presume to aspire
Or kindle on thy garments. I alone 3
The *Lord* thy *God*, and *Israels* holy *One*,
And thy dear *Saviour*, that was always true,
Gave *Aegypt*, *Seba*, and *Ethiopia* too,
To ransom thee; for thou wert my delight,
And always precious in my gracious sight: 4
Honors were heapt upon thee, and thou wert
The tender love of my affecting heart;
Therefore even I, that am well pleas'd, will give
People for thy dear sake, that thou mayst live.
Fear not, for I am with thee, and I'll stand 5
In thy defence, and my all-grasping hand

Shall bring thy seed from the remotest places;
And fill thee with my satisfying graces.

6. My tongue shall call unto the *North*, and say
Unto the *South*, Give, and they shall obey;
Bring from a far my *Sons* and *Daughters* all,
Hear my loud voice, be active when I call.

7 I have created them, and I proclaim
They shall be call'd and honour'd by my Name.
Ile usher forth the *blind*, and make them see
The splendent Glories of my *Majestie*:
Ile cure the *deaf*, and make their hearts rejoyce
To hear the Ecchoes of my warbling voice.
Thus hath our *God* unty'd the tongues, and broke
His *Prophets* lips; thus have his *Prophets* spoke:
And wilt thou be (*O man*) so much obdure,
As not to credit him that will assure
Perpetual happiness? Thou canst not ask
That which he cannot give; do but unmask
Thy shamefac'd *Soul*, that so thou mayst discry
Jehovahs mercies with a faithful eye:
Descant upon his promises, advise
With thy own thoughts, let reason make thee wise;
Inspect thy self, weigh well thy own condition,
And thou shalt find thou want'st a good *Physitian*
To cure thy maculated *Soul*: Alas!
Thou art like water stop'd up in a glass,

Hand.

So

Mans Unworthiness. 71

So weakly fortifi'd, and fenc'd about,
That one weak knock soon lets the *Pris'ner* out.
Vain lump of vanity, what can this Earth
Afford thy thoughts more than a short-liv'd mirth?
A mirth that fills thee with deluding toys,
And like a *Tyrant* afterwards destroys. (sure
Dot'st thou on *Earth*? For what? because her plea-
Can guild thy wanton eye? because her treasure
Can cram thy bags? because her *Syrens* song
Can ravish thee? because her power can throng
Thy *Soul* with luxury? because her charms
Can court thee with delight? because her arms
Can pleasingly imbrace thee, and impost
Thy heart with gold, and lull thee, when th'ast lost
Thy self in sleep? Is this the little All
That this great World can boast of? Must we call
These things our pleasures? No, they'l prove our
Our golden *Fetters*, and our silken *Snares*: (cares
These are the *Jays* we love, these are the things
That make us fly with our *Icarian* wings
Up to Ambitions *Court*, and there presume
To gaze so long, until our waxen plume
Dissolve with heat, and like presumptuous slaves
Tumble our selves into the raging waves
Of speedy Ruine; Ruine's all that we
Must hope t' obtain from *Earth's* base treasure.

Let's scorn her wealth, and say, O *Earth*, thou art
 A painted Mistress with a rotten heart :
 Let's hate to love, that we may love to hate
 Th' unconstant glory of her fickle state.

Even as the subtle *Crocodile* prepares
 Her flatt'ring heart, and eye-commanding tears
 To woo her *Prey* to come within the power
 Of her command, that so she may devour
 With more facility, and make her jaws
 To execute by her tyrannike Laws :
 Even so this *World*, whose *Crocodile-like* eyes
 Are always flowing, wanting no supplies
 Of gliding tears to wash the rugged faces
 Of her designs with falsifying graces,
 That so she may by her too smooth delusion
 Make *Man* the Author of his own confusion .
 Frail flesh and blood, how canst thou take delight
 To love this *World*, that cannot give a mite
 Of comfort to thee but will still intrap,
 And daily lull thee in her lustful lap.
 Shee'l rock thy *Soul* to ruine, and shee'l spawn
 Baseness into thee ; shee'l deceive, and fawn
 Upon thy heart, and with her gilded baits
 Shee'l hook thy *Soul* unto the worst of fates:
 There's nothing in her that deserves the name
 Of Constancy ; her glory is her shame.

Smile

Mans Unworthiness. 73

Smile at her tears, for every drop she vents
Harbors ten thousand thousand discontents :
Believe her not ; but when she speaks the best ,
Believe the worst ; and if she promise rest ,
Assure thy self of trouble ; if she chance
To promise *Treasure*, let thy thoughts advance
Above her promises, condemn her dross,
For what thou gain'st from her will be thy loss :
Let not her wealthy Donatives perswade
Thy heart to accept ; when once thou art betray'd
There's no resistance : They that well advise
Before they act, deserve the name of wise :
But they that study in her franck Schools
May prove her wise men ; but *Heav'n's* out-cast fools
Ask her the way to *Bliss* : try if her skill
Can give directions, ask her if she will
Fill thee with blest Eternity, conjure
Her helpless aid, see if she can assure
A safety to thee, ask her if she can
Prescribe a cure for a despairing Man ;
Tell her thy Soul is sick, thou canst not live
A minure longer ; see if shee can give
A Cordial to thee, see if she can heal
A broken heart ; see if she can reveal
Celestial Joys unto thee, and impart
A heav'nly comfort to thy grieved heart :

If

74 Gods Love,

If so, cheer up, and prosecute thy mirth,
 And say there is no other *Heaven* but *Earth*,
 Do thus (fond Man) and thou shalt quickly see
 A baffle'd *World* that cannot answer thee,
 But must be silent, for she cannot plead
 For her own self; she knows she cannot lead
 The way to *Heav'n*, she's but a bad Director,
 A base Believer, and a worse Protector.

Thus shalt thou make her envy swell and burst,
 And, like the *Basilisk*, discover'd first,
 She needs must dye; but if she should discover
 Thee first, farewell, th'art murder'd by thy Lover:
 Then shalt thou hear the Soul-amazing tone
 Of him that sits on his immortal Throne,
 Pronounce against thee at the dreadful day
 Of thy accounts; thus shalt thou hear him say:

Depart, ye cursed off-springs of a Father
 As curst as you, avoid my sight, go gather
 The fruits of your deserts; you have forgot
 The God that made you, and I know ye not:
 See if the *World*, within whose folding arms
 You always slept, can quit thee from the harms
 That must ensue; see if her flatt'ring power
 Can shelter thee, from the ore-flowing shower
 Of my fast-dropping rage; see if her breast
 Can entertain thee with eternal rest.

Be.

Mans Unworthiness. 75

Be gone, be gone, my fury hates to see
Such *Miscreants*; had you remember'd me,
I now had known you; had you made me eat
When I was forc'd to importune for meat;
I now would bless you with celestial dyer,
And crown your *Souls* with everlasting quiet:
Had you but quencht my raging thirst, or gave
A single drop, that very drop should save
Your death-adjudged *Souls*, and you should sup
Abundant comforts from my streaming Cup:
Had you (sad sons of vengeance) but supply'd
My nakedness with Garments, when I cry'd
And call'd upon your charity to send
Relief unto me, I had been your friend;
Or had your (more than marble) hearts reliev'd
M'impris ned body, now ye had not griev'd:
Had you, your world-affined *Souls* addrest
Your selves unto me when I was oppress'd
With lingring sickness, then I would have fed
Your *Souls* (which now are starv'd) with heav'nly
But since you have not done it unto those (bread;
Which I esteem'd, y've prov'd your selves my foes
Therefore be gone, let darkness be your lot,
Learn to remember that ye have forgot
My mercies; go, and let my judgments dwell
Within your guilty hearts; let black-mouth'd Hell
Plague

Plague you with torments, let him always lash
 Your hearts with flames, until ye howl, and gnash
 Your teeth together ; Go, depart my sight,
 And taste the fruit of everlasting night.

But as for you whose better deeds have found
 Acceptance in my heart, ye shall be crown'd
 With unremoved happiness, because
 Ye have obsequiously perform'd my Laws ;
 You fed my craving stomach, and you cloath'd
 My naked body, and you have not loath'd
 To visit me ; and when I was a stranger,
 Ye took me in, and guarded me from danger :
 Go then my Lambs, and let your *Oratory*
 Proclaim the greatness of your *Fathers* glory :
 Go revel in my *Courts* ; no discontent
 Shall breed a faction in my *Parliament* :
 I'll pass an *Act* of *Peace*, and it shall be
 Sign'd by the hand of my Eternity .
 My tongue shall style you blessed, and my voice
 Shall raise your *Souls*, and teach you to rejoyce :
 Your unexcised pleasures shall abound
 To infinite ; your ravish'd hearts shall sound
 The depth of my delights ; all things shall move
 Within the sphere of uncontrouled Love :
 Be well assur'd, your pleasures shall be great ;
 Then fly from *Judgment* to my *Mercy-seat*,

And

Mans Unworthiness. 77

And there rejoyce with a tryumphant mirth;
My Love shall live with them that hated Earth.

Obdurate *Man*, here, here thou mayst descry
Judgment and *Mercy*, one to terrifie,
The other to perswade; and yet wilt thou
Prove adamantine, and refuse to bow
To thy *Redeemer*? Canst thou ruminare
Upon his *Love*, and yet wilt not dilate
Thy Soul unto him? Is thy brazen heart
Impenetrable? Will no flaming dart
Of true affection enter? Hast thou vow'd
To stop thy ears? Shall mercy call aloud, (rattle
And thou not hear? Shall thund'ring *Judgments*
About thy ears, and yet wilt thou imbatle
Against the Lord of *Hosts*? wilt thou invoke
Perpetual vengeance to enrail a stroke
Upon thy stubborn heart? What, dost thou think
Hell's void of flames, or that thy *God* will wink
At thine enormities? Go, rally all
Thy thoughts together, and discreetly fall
Into a serious study. —————

————— Let thy mind
Be absolute, and really enclin'd
To meditation; contradict the rage
Of thine own passion: labour to assuage

The

The fire of lust, that so thou mayst behold
 With more serenity, how manifold
 His mercies are, that every day prevents
 The sad incursions of deprav'd events.
 Think but in what a most defam'd condition
 Thy *Soul* was in, before the grand Physician
 Of *Heav'n* and *Earth* spontaneously set down
 A balm from his own *Gilead* to crown
 The sons of grief: think what we did endure,
 Before his wounds had perfected thy cure.
 Remember how undauntedly he stood,
 And sweat himself into a crimson flood
 To ransom thee; remember how his woes
 Were asperated by his raging foes;
 Remember how his sacred temples wore
 A spiny *Crown*, remember how it tore
 His sublime *Front*; remember how they broach'd
 His brest with *Spears*, and shamefully reproach'd
 His spotless fame; remember how they nail'd
 His spreading hands, remember how they scal'd
 His Ivory *Walls*, remember how they spawl'd
 Upon his face, remember how they bawl'd
 And banded at his *Agony*, whilst he
 Prov'd patient *Martyr* to their tyranny;
 Remember when he came unto the brink
 Of death, they gave him vinegar to drink:

Nay

. *Mans Unworthiness.* 79

Nay more (because they vow'd to empty all
Their poyson'd malice out) they gave him Gall,
Oh bitter deed ! Oh most abhorred Crimes !
(Too nearly parallel'd in these our times.)

Thus having put a period to their plots,
They thought it good to cast their hellish lots
For his (I dare not say mean) clothes ; I know
They were our *Saviours* , to whose worth we owe
Perpetual thanks ; 'twas his well finished breath
Redeem'd our Souls from everlasting death,

Here's Love (O man) that does as far transcend
Thy thoughts as thy deserts, that *heav'n* thou'ld send
His Son and Heir to be incarnated,

And suffer death for thee, that wert as dead
As sin could make thee ; 'twas for thy offence
He dy'd ; Ah, how, how canst thou recompence
Such high-bred Favors ! Favors unexpected
Deserve to be imbrac'd, and not neglected.

Do not (rash Soul) like *Cleopatra* nurse
Imbosom'd Vipers ; blessings prove a curse,
If once abus'd ; Ingratitude cuts off
Th' inrail of Love ; it is a shame to scoff
At Benefactors ; after thou art fed,
Wilt thou condemn the hand that gave thee bread?
Wouldst thou not love that friend that should be-
A superannuated crust, and shew

(How
Respect

Respect unto thee, when the ebbing tyde
Of Fortune runs so low, that thou mayst ride
Upon the sands of Poverty? Fond Man,
Strive to be grateful, study how to scan
The mercies of thy God; remember how
He feeds thy Soul with Manna; learn to bow
Th' unruly thoughts; (with admiration) think
How often, and how much imbitter'd drink
Thy Saviour drank; with what a doleful cry
He beg'd of God to let that cup pass by;
But knowing that his pleasure must be done,
He prov'd himself his most obedient Son.
And wilt thou not (coy wretch) drink one poor sup
Of bitter drink for him, that drank a cup
To sweeten thine? thou need'st not fear nor scorn
To taste, because Heav'n's sacred Unicorn
Hath purg'd the waters, and they must be sweet
Except they're reimpoys'ned by thy feet:
If so, what wilt thou do? where wilt thou find
An Antidote for an invenom'd mind?
It is reported, if the Spider chauce
To meet the obvious Toad, they'l both advance
Their inward force, and mutually proclaim
An open War; brave Combatants of fame!
And having summon'd their imbowel'd might,
March boldly on, and both incens'd, they fight:
The

• *Mans Unworthiness.* 81

The *Toad* being heavy loaded, cannot go,
Or wheel about, like his encountring foe,
But keeps his ground, & makes a small resistance:
The *Spider* scorning to be kept at distance,
Falls in upon him, and with nimble rage
Assaults his foe, who now begins t' assuage
His former fury, and would fain retreat (great
From his small Foe, whose strength is grown too
For opposition; being thus distress'd
He crawls away, and with a crop-sick brest
Seeks for relief, and by and by discries
A *Plantain* leaf, within whose veins there lies
A secret *Antidote*, which did at length
Expel his poyson, and renew his strength:
Having disgorg'd himself, he soon returns
Into the Camp, where for a time he burns
To be in action, and at last he sees
The crafty *Spider* creeping by degrees
To seize upon him, then his courage fails,
He knows not what to do, his foe assails
With all his might, constraining him to yield
The conquest, and with shame to quit the field:
Then he begins to seek, and hunt about,
To find the soveraign healing *Plantain* out,
Which had before reliev'd him, and supply'd
His wants; but that being gone, he burst, and dy'd
G. Even

82 *Gods Love, &c.*

Even so, if Hells black *Spider* chance to crawl
 From his infernal Web into the Hall
 Of this all-dusty World, he soon prepares
 Himself to fight, and suddenly declares,
 That he, the grim-look'd General of Hell,
 Dares to encounter any Souls that dwell
 Within the limits of the spacious Earth,
 And in a moment qualifie their mirth;
 Thus Satan boasts, and if he chance to meet
 A single Soul, he'l thus begin to greet.

A



A

DIALOGUE

Between the
Soul and Satan.

Sat. **S**Oul, th'art well met. *Soul.* 'Tis true, for
I am well.

Sat. Say, whither art thou going? *Soul.* Not to
Hell.

Sat. Pish, talk no more of that, but tel me whither
Thou go'st; come, prithee let's go both together.

Soul. A pretty morion; when I want a guide
I'll send for thee, till then thou art deny'd
To be my Usher. *Sat.* Prethee tell me why

Thou art so obstinate, as to deny

G2

So

84 *A Dialogue between*

So free a courtesie as I have shown;
 Mischance oft falls to them that walk alone;
 Be not so much averse as to neglect
 This opportunity; I can protect
 Thy feet from sliding; dangers still attend
 Those that despise the favors of a friend. (How?
So. A friend! how canst thou prove that title?*Sat.*
 As thus; because I'm willing to allow
 The best assistance of my ready arm
 To guide, nay and protect thee from all harm;
 Therefore a friend. *So.* What you pretend to show
 Is but external; he that can bestow
 Internal friendship on a Soul distress'd
 Is a true friend; no matter for the rest.
 If *Heav'n* will guide my Soul I shal not stray,
 Or fear the evils of a dangerous way:
 But as for you, I needs must borrow leave
 To say, your friendship's onely to deceive;
 Confusion paths your ways, and if I run
 By your advise, I needs must be undone.
 God bids me fly from sin, if I refuse
 Obedience to his will, I shall abuse
 His just commands; then will my sorrows cry;
 When Mercy stops, *Judgment* begins to fly.
Sat. Desist (fond Soul) and labor to divorce
 Thy lips from this too fabulous discourse;

Guild

Guild not thy words with vanity, perswade
These thoughts (which are erroneous) to evade
Thy serious mind ; advise and thou shalt see
My ways are best, be principl'd by me ;
Let not the swing of passion strike thee down,
But follow me, 'tis I must give a Crown
To thy deserts, 'tis I that can advance
Thy down-cast Soul above the reach of chance ;
'Tis I (mistaken Soul) 'tis I alone
That must conduct thee to the sublime throne
Of true Salvation ; 'tis my hand must bring
Thy trembling Soul before th'all-judging King
Of Heaven and Earth ; it is my power can fill
Thy heart with joy ; believe me, and I will.
Trust not the babling languages of those
That seem thy friends, but are thy greatest foes ;
They're great to thy destruction, they'll connive
And fawn, nay almost bury thee alive ; (stories
They'll talk of *Heaven* and *Hell*, they'll tell thee
Of endless, boundless, unconceived glories ;
They'll tell thee of Eternity, and woo
Thy *Soul* out of thy ears, if thou'lt bestow
Thy pains to hear them ; they'll infuse, and brew
Their own designs, and tell thee all is true
That they declare ; they'll tell thee that they're sent
As Messengers from *Heav'n's* high Parliament.

86 *A Dialogue between*

Believe me *Soul*, 'tis I that can display
 The *Gospels* Colours better far than they ;
 There's nothing in that Volume so abstruse,
 But I can winde and twist it to my use :
 And there is nothing in this world can be
 Stri'd worth a Work, but can be done by me :
 I can do all, it lies within my power
 To make thee poor or rich in half an hour :
 I can command whole *Legions* to attend
 Upon my honor : Say, what nobler friend
 Canst thou embrace ? I'll be a friend to all
 That will give audience to my faithful call ;
 I'll make them swell with riches, they shall have
 As much, nay if not more, than they can crave :
 Am I not rare, and rich, and high, and great,
 Incomprehensible ? Is not my seat
 The throne of happiness ? Yet cannot I
 Invite thee to my sweet eternity ?
 Come gentle *Soul*, into my twining arms,
 I'll hug thee, I'll delight thee with my charms,
 I'll shew thee all my Joys, nothing shall lie
 Hid from the view of thy all-gazing eye :
 Happy, beyond expression. *Soul*. Saran, stay
 The Progress of thy tongue, and give me way,
 That I may vent my thoughts, for you have spoke
 At large already ; and is this the stroke

Which

the Soul and Satan. 87

Which you intend shall wound me? Be assur'd,
The blow's but small, and well may be endur'd.

Sat. What, mov'd to passion! Is thy mind disturb'd
With foul mistrust? pray let those thoughts be
curb'd :

What, dost thou think I am perfidious? Fie;
'Tis folly to condemn before you try.

Alas, alas! what profit can accrue
To me by wronging such a *Soul* as you?

What I express is onely for your good,
But what is more than grave advice withstood?
I doubt these weak, these empty thoughts presage
A tempest, guarded with a storm of rage:
Well then, storm on, and when thy storm is spent,
Sit down and meditate, and then repent.

Soul. Repent, Oh happy word! although express'd
By a foul mouth; those that repent are blest.

How dare thy hellish lips usurp a word
Fill'd with divinity, but will afford
No rest, no comfort, to thy horrid *Soul*?

Be gone, be gone; and if thou canst condole
Thy self, thou art (if Logick prove but true)
Curst in the *Major*, and the *Minor* too.

Bless me, *ô heav'n*: what blust'ring stormy weather
Drove such a vile prodigious *Monster* hither?

Touch-stone of baseness, dost thou come to prove
Whether I'm gold, or dross? thou mayst remove

Thy forward hopes, because I hope to be
Meral at last for *Heav'n*, and not for thee.
Be gone, fallacious wretch, I cannot brook
Thy golden baits, I have descry'd thy hook :
Father of *Lyes*, thy policy is built
Upon the *sands*, and plaister'd o're with guilt :
Thy tongue foretells a storm ; if so, be sure
Thy sand-built policy shall not endure :
Flattery's the *life* of baseness, and that Art
Is well imprinted in thy subtile heart :
Dost thou believe that I can entertain
Belief from thee ? Or dost thou think to reign
Within my brest ? No, no ; thy cloudy powers
Are at the best but falsifying showers :
Be satisfi'd, I cannot give the least
Of credit to thee, nor I dare not feast
My thoughts with such uncertainties ; I know
Thy dyer must and will corrupt to woe.
Thou bidst me not condemn, before I make
Some tryal of thy trust ; If I should rake
Such green advice, I quickly should undo
My wretched self ; and in condemning you
What profit could I have ; or what relief
Could I expect to mitigate my grief,
My accusations would be blown as dust
Before the wind ; I'll neither try, nor trust.

the Soul and Satan. 89

Sat. Nor try, nor trust ? Art thou resolv'd to cross
My real motions ? Do, and see whose loss
Will prove most weighry ; if I lose the heart
Of thy weak love, my loss will not be great ;
But if I should withdraw my love from thee,
How like a Map of well-drawn misery
Wouldst thou appear ? be wise, correct thy thoughts
Neglected favors prove the greatest faults.
Take my instructions, for 'tis I must bring
Content unto thee ; 'tis a glorious thing
To be immortal : prethee Soul decline
Thy former ways ; say shall I call thee mine ?
Mine, mine thou art ; I'll load thee with renown ;
Let me but conquer, thou shalt wear the Crown.

*How pleasing are my joys ! how full of peace
Are all my ways ! my glories still increase :
I'm great and good, I take delight to win
Distressed Souls, and lead them from their sin ;
I cannot chuse but pity those that lye
Upon the beds of sensuality ;
My melting Soul is always free to give
Comfort to them that study how to live.
Alas, the care and trouble that I take
Is more for their content, than my own sake :
My gates are always open, they that venture
To come to me shall (with a welcom) enter ;*

And

90 *A Dialogue between*

*And when they call, and cry, I will appear
My self unto them, and rejoyce to hear
Their sad complaints ; I will not hide my face
From them that seek the glory of my grace :
I cannot be unconstant ; I must grieve
To hear their sorrows, and I will relieve.
I will be pitiful to them that trust
In me alone , I cannot be unjust ;
I cannot, no I cannot ; Earth shall move
Sooner than I will falsifie my love :
I am eternal ; they that will endeavor
To gain my love, shall have my heart for ever.*

*Soul, 'Tis not your empty words shall make my
breast*

*Stoop to the flattery of thy vain request ;
Though I have ears to hear, I have a mind
That will not shake at the hard-breathing wind
Of your discourse ; what you pretend for reason
Is nothing but the froth of private treason :
'Tis not your multiloquious tongue can turn
The Bials of my Soul, or make me spurn
At Holy Writ ; 'tis not your fond conceit
Of being good, shall make me to retreat (joys
From Heav'ns Commands ; 'tis not your promis'd
Can make me chearful ; or your painted toys
Can lure me to your fist ; 'tis not the darts
Of your vain love can penetrate my heart ;*

'Tis

'Tis not your seeming clemency can make
My *Soul* to love you, for your Pities sake ;
'Tis not your always-open gates that shall
Entice my steps to your large Guilded Hall ;
'Tis not your self-appearance shall invite
My well-composed thoughts to your delight ;
'Tis not your greatness that shall make me yield
To your desires ; *Religion* is my shield :
Neither fear nor love your rash evasions,
Nor give attendance to your smooth persuasions :
'Tis difficult to serve two *Masters* well ; (*Hell*.
Who strays from *Heav'n*, must needs approach to
I am advis'd to shun the broad-path'd ways
That lead to ruine ; what the *Scripture* says
I must believe ; 'tis dangerous to fly
Without the wings of true *Divinity* :
The *Scriptures* are my way, my light, my guide,
And they that go without them needs must slide ;
The paths are strait in which I ought to run
The course of grace, until my days are done ;
And they that change a *Vertue* for a *Vice*,
Deserve no fruit from *Heav'n's* blest *Paradise*.

Sat. Surcease those fond conceits, thou dost but
spin

Thine own destruction, and connive at sin :
Urge not the *Scriptures*, for I dare maintain
My paths are best, and other ways are vain :

Thy

Thy Scripture-*conscience* will at last confound
 Th' amazed thoughts, and give thy Soul a wound
 That hates a cure, then shalt thou prove unblest,
 Whilst others find the plainest Road's the best,
 Suppose thou wert (I speak it for thy sake)
 Mov'd by occasions, forc'd to undertake
 A long-way'd journey, wouldst thou not enquire
 The readiest way, but run into the mire?
 If thou shouldst act a crime so foully bad,
 Folly would style thee fool, and Wisdom mad.
 Stray not into the Wilderness of grief,
 But come to me, take courage and be brief
 In thy designs; perswade thy self, that I
 Am both thy light, thy way, and best supply
 In time of need; I am thy prop, thy stay;
 Therefore resolve, and trifle not away
 Thy thrifless Soul; be not thy self destroyer;
 I'll be thy Love, and thou my Loves enjoyer:
 Know that my real brest contrives no end,
 But what may merit so divine a friend
 As thine own self: folly and wisdom lies
 Before thy face; be either fool, or wise:
 Protract no time, but make a speedy choice,
 Thy welfare shall instruct me to rejoyce;
 Observe my actions, pry in to my parts,
 Let's know each other by exchange of hearts;

I'll

The Soul and Satan. 93

I'll give thee mine, and for my love restore
Thine unto me ; grant this, I'll ask no more.
Be free to give, as I am free to crave ;
Th'adst better live my friend, than die my slave :
For if thou shalt deny what I desire,
I'll make my bellows to advance the fire
Of thy distress, and sorrows shall corrode
Thy stubborn heart, and care shall make abode
Within thy breast ; perpetuated grief
Shall find a voice, but ramble from relief.
I'll gripe thee, till I make thee understand
The fiery language of my furious hand :
Sighings, and groanings, sobs, and tears, and cries
Shall be thy sad Concomitants ; thine eyes
Shall stare upon (well may I call them new
And horrid) Lights, such Lights as shall renew
Thy growing torments ; every thing shall be
Thy fellow-slaves in servile miserie :
I'll yoke thee with distress, nay, and I'll chain
Thy struggling Soul with everlasting pain ;
I'll crowd thee full of sorrows, and I'll double
Thy unconceived, uncontrouled trouble,
Whilst I, triumphing I, will sit aloft,
And be ador'd, and scoff to see thee scoff :
Pity shall be a stranger to my breast ;
My care shall be to make thy Soul unblest ;

The

94 *A Dialogme between*

The tydes of woe shall overflow thy thoughts,
And be equivalent unto thy faults ;
Be sure, that what extremity can be
Thought worth the using, shall be us'd on thee :
Now I have spoke, if thou wilt not repent,
I'll cease to speak, and study to torment.

Son. How full of poyson's every word that flows
Out of thy mouth ? what trust can I repose
In such a flatterer ? I dare not try,
Or throw my self upon thy courtesie :
I know thou canst not answer my request ;
There is no truth in a self-praising brest.
If I should dive into the deep abyss
Of thy black thoughts, what glory, or what blis
Should I discern ? Or if I should deliver
My heart to thee, thou'dst disrespect the giver ;
Though at the first perhaps thou wouldst express
A seeming-unbeseeming thankfulness,
Yet at the last I know thou would decline
Thy promis'd ways, and style me to be thine.
Fair words find easie passage, they proceed
But from the tongue, th'event stil crowns the deed
Three things denote a friend; first to conceal
A secret speech ; the next is to reveal
A private good ; the last, is to advise
The safest way to obtain an enterprise

And

The Soul and Satan. 95

And he that can do this, as you pretend,
Deserves the title of a real friend :
But my *Religion* tutors me to say,
(Nay and affirm,) You neither can, nor may ;
I'm sure it is (if reason dare prove true)
One thing to speak, another thing to do.
Your words are ayry messengers, which fly
Into my ears, and there enroul a Lye ;
Many untruths have broken the common Goal
Of thy foul mouth ; thou sayst thou canst prevail
To make me glorious, and thou canst encrease
My joys, and crown me with eternal peace :
Thou sayst th'art good and great, & that thy paths
Lead to *Salvation* ; thou declar'st thy Laws
To be most just ; if all these things be true,
I needs must call the *Scriptures* false, or you ;
Truth bids me tell thee boldly, when thou cry'st
Th'art great, and good, and rich, and rare, thou ly'st :
If thou art good, and great, pray tell me why
Thou wilt behold so vile a wretch as I ?
These things bespeak thee humble, unto which
Thou plead'st not guilty ; and if thou art rich,
How can it be, that thou wilt condescend
To feed my wants, that am so poor a friend ?
Strange is that charity, which seems to shine
From such a *diabolick* brest as thine.

If

96 *A Dialogue between*

If my belief could keep an equal pace
With my swift tongue, how full of Faith & Grace
Should I appear ? Such Faith as would devast
My wanton Soul, and make mee weep as fast
It is impossible to find a *Sion*
That has no Governor, except a *Lyon*.

The Souls Petition to God.

Oh Heav'n, I crave that thou wouldst keep me fill
From this most vile *Progenitor* of Ill :
Suffer him not t'infold me in his arms,
Or overcome me with his wanton charms ;
Oh make my heart obdure that he may knock
Upon my Soul, as on a marble Rock ;
Be thou my *Fort*, and then I shall endure
His furious On-fers, and repose secure ;
Give me thy Grace, that I may be content ;
Make me as strong, as he is impudent.

Now let the spring-tyde of thy fierce desires
Flow to the height, thou shalt not quench my fires
Know *Satan*, know, my heart reserves no place
For thy abode, I scorn thee to thy face ;
The well-dy'd colours of my Soul declares
Defiance to thee, and my brest prepares
To give thee battle ; strike, I fear thee not ;
Who's arm'd with Faith, needs fear no Cannon

Wha

W. B. R.

the Soul and Satan. 97

Sat. What impious tongue is that which dares defie
My power with so much boldnes? *So.* Wretch, 'tis I;
'Tis I (infernal Traytor) that will spend
My strength to prove thou art a flatt'ring feind.

Sat. Move me to anger, do, and thou shalt find
A courteous friend at last may prove unkind :
Have I not woo'd thee almost night and day
To goe to Heaven? *Son.* The quite contrary way.

Sat. Have I not labour'd like a watchful father
To nourish thee? *Son.* Or like a Devil rather.

Sat. Have I not always taken great delight?

Son. To take away good gold, and give me light.

Sat. How much nocturnal and diurnal care
Have I sustain'd for thee? *Son.* True, t'insnare.

Sat. Have I not been assiduous to await
Upon thy pleasure? *Son.* and corrupt my state.

Sat. Have I not proffer'd all that can be given
To a sick Soul? *Son.* To drive my Soul from Heaven

Son. Did I not promise to be true and just?

Son. Did I not say, I'de neither try nor trust?

Sat. Did I not promise that I'de make thee wise?

Son. Did I not say thou wert compos'd of lies?

Sat. Did I not promise to encrease thy store?

So. Did I not say such wealth would make me poor

Sat. Did I not promise to advance thy fame?

Son. Did I not say thy honors were thy shame?

H

Sat.

98 *A Dialogue between*

- Sat.* Did I not promise to uphold thy peace?
Son. Did I not say such wars would never cease?
Sat. Did I not promise thee a Crown of life?
Son. Did I not say that Crown would Crown my
Sat. Did I not promise thee eternal glory? (strife)
Son. Did I not say that promise was a story?
Sat. Did I not promise I would give thee all?
Son. Did I not say such promises were small?
Sat. Did I not tell thee I was great and good?
Son. Did I not answer 'twas in shedding blood?
Sat. Did I not tell thee that my ways were best?
Son. Did I not answer that they were unblest?
Sat. Did I not tel thee that thou shouldst have joy?
Son. Did I not answer such as would destroy?
Sat. Did I not tell thee that I did lament?
Son. Did I not answer that I was content?
Sat. Did I not tell thee what a friend I'd prove?
Son. Did I not answer that I could not love?
Sat. Thus by fair terms I labour'd to obtain,
Son. Thus in foul terms I told thee 'twas in vain.
Sat. Then I began to threaten thee with grief,
Son. And then I fled to *Heav'n*, and found relief.
Sat. I threatened to afflict thee with large pains,
Son. I told thee such afflictions were my gains.
Sat. I told thee more than now I will express,
Son. My answers made thee wish I had spoke less.
Sat.

• *the Soul and Satan.* 99

Sat. But now I see my real words can find
No rest within the Center of thy mind;
For 'tis in vain to sow the seeds of life
In a dead heart that is manur'd with strife:
I'll therefore cease my importuning love,
I'll shew my Serpent, and keep close my Dove.
Do, do thy worst, vile wretch, I'll make thee know
Griefs abstract, and the quintessence of woe;
I'll load thee with extremities, thy breast
Shall always crave, but find no place of rest:
Had but my grave advice receiv'd a place
Within thy heart, thou hadst been fill'd with grace;
But now the inundations of thy trouble
Shall overflow thee, and I will redouble
My new-contrived plagues; I'll make thee feel
My melting heart is now transform'd to steel:
Thy tongue shall (like a bolt of thunder) roul
And roar within thy mouth; thy sulphurous Soul
Shall flash forth lightning, and thy blood-red eyes
Shall blaze like Comets in the troubled Skies:
Thy teeth shall gnash, as if they scorn'd to be
Concomitants in so much misery;
Oh how I'll carbonado every part,
And fill thy body with increasing smart;
Thy Soul shall lure for death, but that shall hate
To pierce upon thee, and condemn thy state:

A Dialogue between

Life shall be still incroaching, but thy breath
Shall scorn that life, and hate it unto death ;
Thy flesh shall drop forth brimston, and thy bones
Shall court each other in their crackling tones ;
Horror shall be thy watchman, curses shall
Possess thy tongue, one torment still shall call
Upon another ; when thy voice shall cry
But for a drop ; Confusion shall reply,
No, no, thou shalt not, if a golden Myne
Could buy a drop, that drop should not be thine ;
Then shalt thou say, if thou hadst been at first
Advis'd by me, thou hadst not been accurst :
Thus in this sad *Dilemma* shalt thou roar,
And crave my succour, but I'll not deplore
Thy woful state, because thou wert averse
To goodness, after folly comes a curse :
Then shalt thou know and find I will exile
All thoughts of pity, and I'll rather smile
Than grieve at thy distress ; ah know 'tis hard
To force an entrance where the gates are bard :
Fond Soul, be serious, let thy thoughts reflect
On my indulgency, and give respect
Unto my clemency ; believe I will
Be good to thee, do but forsake thy ill ;
Forsake, forsake that evil which will turn
To thy destruction ; do not, do not burn

The precious fuel of thy chaste desires
In idle, wanton, all-consuming fires,
The post of time is swift, and knows no stay;
'Tis time to go when Reason calls away:
Protraction's dangerous; it is not good
To strive with that which scorns to be withstood.
Then do not thou procrastinate, but take
This opportunity, do but forsake
Thy former ways, and readily incline
Thy self to me, and I will make thee shine
With so much lustre, that all eyes shall gaze
Upon thy brightness, and admire with praise:
Oh may my language reach thee too believe,
That so my torments may not make thee grieve
In utter darkness, that thou mayst imbrace
Those glories, which adorn my peaceful place:
Repent, (dear Soul) repent what thou hast done,
Then call me *Father*, and I'll love my son:
Thus having told thee all, I'll here desist;
Be thou more apt to yield than to resist.

Sou. I find, I find you first inflict a wound,
And then with balsome strive to make it sound:
You make me smile at first, but after groan;
One hand incloses bread, the other stone;
I fain would take the bread, but that I stand
In fear and danger of the stony hand:

102 *A Dialogue between*

Therefore, to shun all danger, I'll despise
Your fond advice, and practise to be wise :
If all should prove, that you have told me, true,
I know the best and worst that thou canst do ;
As for your threatnings, they shall not disturb
My peaceful thoughts, my faith shall be their curb:
Urge me no mote, but let me rest in quiet,
Strong is that stomach can digest thy dyer.

Sat. And is it so ? will no perswasions work
Upon thy thoughts ? Those pregnant crimes that
lurk

Within thy brest, will, like to Scorpions, gnaw
Thy groaning heart; such sorrow knows no Law;
But since thou wilt not be advis'd, expect
To find reward, as I have found neglect.
Ah, why fond wretch, why dost thou thus provide
Thy feeble self to strive against the tyde ?
Alas, alas ! why art thou lull'd asleep
In follies Lap ? Rouze up for shame, and weep
For thine infirmities ; be not thus cross
To him that would preserve thee from a Loss :
'Tis time to cast away the works of night,
And cloath thee with the shining robes of light.

Son. If your strong Oratory had the skill
To make me yield to your unsatiate will,
It were enough ; what more could you desire,
Than a bad period to your bad desire ?

But

But stay (bold friend) I'll meditate and see
What fruit will spring from thine infernal tree.
Sat. What, must I stay (vile wretch) till you dispute
And prove the goodness of my pleasing fruit?

Must I be always waiting on the train
Of your desires, and spend my time in vain?

No, no, I will not: for it is unfit

I should attend, if you will not submit;

Th'incens'd fury of my spirits burn

To be in action, I will not adjourn

A minute longer; go, and hug thy vice,

Thou lov'st the bargain, but abhor'st the price:

Urge me no more, away, I have forgot

All thoughts of friendship, and I know thee not:

And here I leave thee to the Lawless power

Of thine own passion; Cursed be that hour

That brought thee forth; if all this will not do,

May all men curse thee, and I'll curse thee too.

Son. And can the *spring* of thy affections find

So soon an *Autumn*? Canst thou be unkind

With so much ease? and can your real breast

(As you so call't) be so soon dispossest

Of Love and Patience? Oh how bad and strange

Is the effect of such a sudden change!

'Tis disputable, for I know not whether

Anger, or policy, or both together,

Wharft thee to these extreams : well then pursue
 Thine own desires, and I will bid adieu
 To all thy follies ; yet my heart begun
 T'expand it self before the glim'ring Sun
 Of thy perswasions ; if thy sharp'ned rage
 Had not so soon exploded me the stage,
 I fear, I fear, I had before this hour

Been prostituted to thy tameless power :
 Be gone, be gone ; but stay, hark Satan, hark,
 Go boast you shot, but fairly miss'd the mark.

Sat. Why dost thou bid me go? I m sure you speak
 (As I have done) in jest, thou wilt not break
 The bonds of friendship; though thou hast express
 Thy self in anger, yet thou art in jest :

Those good conceits that live in th'inner places
 Of my close heart, tels me th'art fill'd with graces:
 But there is none that can proclaim and cry
 They're free from rage, no not so much as I :
 When I am angry, then my heart is pleas'd,
 Because I'm satisfy'd ; my mind is eas'd
 Of a most pressing load, which seems to tire
 And waste me with a brest-consuming fire.

"A wise mans ear must always entertain

"Things spoke in passion to be void and vain :

"The tongue's a restless member, and oft-times

"Out-runs the wit, and then it flies and climbs

Above

Above all sense : " When Reason finds divorce,
'The tongue proves subject to a headlong course.
What I have spoke observe, and thou shalt find
Proceeded from my passion, not my mind :
The misconstruction of a word may make
The dearest friends to vary, and forsake
The plains of friendship, tho' their hearts are free
From the curst evils of inconstancy :
Therefore mistake me not, nor do not thou
Construe my words with an incensed brow ;
Smile on me then, and cheerfully impart
The loving chidings of a friendly heart ;
Then shalt thou see with what a willing arm
I will conduct and guide thee from all harm ;
Believe me Soul, I am not come to scatter
Uncertain stories, but a real matter ;
What I hold forth unto thee, is the stem
Of a pure heart, thou art the only Jem
Shall grow upon it ; come, and let's combine,
I shall rejoyce to see thee prove divine.

Sou. The *Bias* of thy Love runs now so strong,
That I much fear 'twill not continue long ;
I find, I find thou hast the art to fail
With any wind ; thou labour'st to prevail,
But 'tis in vain, for know, I trust thee not,
My zealous heart is fearful of a plot ;

I can-

106 *A Dialogue between*

I cannot be so foolish as to trust
Without assurance that thou wilt be just :
Wilt thou be true ? Speak with a real breath.

Sat. I will be just (believe me) unto death ;
I will, I will ; oh may I never be
True to my self, if I am false to thee.

Son. If thou art just and constant, tel me where
Thy seat is plac'd, and who is Prince of th'air ;
Be true in this, and thou shalt find that I,
According to thy answer, wil reply.

Sat. I'll tell thee then (because I'll now fulfil
The vast desires of thy enquiring will)
Where my refulgent Seat is plac'd ; prepare
Thy ears to hear, I'll speedily declare.

The large extent of my unbounded grace
Cannot be comprehended in one place,
Because I am immortal, unconfin'd
To time or place ; I live in every mind
That's truly real, and not disagreeing
To my known Laws ; I have no local Being :
The World's a spacious Body, I the Soul
Which lives in every part compleat and whole :
Thus this dispute is easily decided,
For what's immortal cannot be divided.
Nay more, because I'll fill thee with content,
I say I'm Prince of every Element,

There.

Therefore of air: Now if thou canst enquire
Any thing more, I'll answer thy desire.

Sou. Before I suffer my swift thoughts to slide
Into more questions, I'll be satisfi'd
In what is past: If so it be, you have
No local Being, how then will you save
Those *Hots* of Souls which you intend shall be
Seal'd with the Signet of Eternity?
Did you not tell me, that your peaceful Seat
Was rich, sublime, (and without measure) great?
If thus it be, as 'tis express'd by you,
'Tis more than strange that 'tis not local too;
Clear but this doubt, and thou shalt quickly find
Those duties that attend an honest mind
Flow from my breast, till then I'll rest in peace,
As you perform, so shall my Love encrease.

Sat. Ambiguous *Soul*, why dost thou thus connive
At thine own follies? Why dost thou deprive
Thy self of comfort, comforts that will heal
The ulcerous sores of thy distemper'd weal?
Why art thou thus inquisitive? the thing
That thou desir'st to know (if known) will bring
Small satisfaction to thy dubious breast;
He's wise enough that knows he shall be blest;
If you enquire in such a doubtful case,
You'll loose your rest in seeking out the place:

Sur-

108 *A Dialogue between*

Surcease thy thoughts, and do not proudly knock
Thy self in peices, now thou knowst the rock ;
Pry nor too farl et secret things alone,
My *Zodiack* has more signs than must be known ;
'Tis not the Heav'n of Heav'n's that can contain
Me, the Creator, and my glorious train ;
I am even what *I* please and what *I* will be (to thee
Even where *I* will. *So.* Where's that? *Sa.* what's that
The knowledge of my feat does no way rend
To thy salvation, therefore cease to spend
Such fruitless thoughts, cast by this needless care,
Learn to know what *I* am, no matter where.

So. I must confess, it is not good to pry
In things that suit not the capacity ;
But seeing 'twas your pleasure to express
So much of friendship, *I* made bold t' address
My self unto you ; pardon then my crimes,
You know that wisest men may doubt somerimes :
Your weights are light, or else your courage fails,
You have not strength enough to turn the scales
Of my affections, yet you had almost
Droven my ill man'd ship upon your Coast,
The winds of your perswasions rage and roar
Within my brest, I cannot find a shoar
For my desires ; *I* m tost from wave to wave,
And am become a most distracted slave ;

Those

• *the Soul and Satan.* 109

Those heavenly thoughts which formerly frequen-
The closet of my brest are now prevented (red
By base bred fancies, fancies that arise
From a foul brain, and makes me to despise
Almost my self; I know not what to do,
I dare not, oh I dare not yield to you;
And yet I hardly can believe thou wilt
Burthen thy conscience with so foul a guilt
As to betray me, sure thou art more kind
Than to abuse a well-affected mind;
But yet I dare not trust a Soul pursuer,
Because thou kil'st when thou pretend'st to cure.
I reel, I reel (if not sustain'd) I shall
Receive a sudden and a deadly fall;
What shall I do in this deplor'd condition?
I fear, I fear I've lost my best Physician:
Try Satan, try, and see what may be done
For a sick Soul, that foolishly has run
Beyond it self; oh see what thou canst do
To give me ease, and then I'll call thee true.

Sat. Now Soul I love thee; rouse, bid grief depart
Thou hast the symptoms of an honest heart:
Me thinks I could, with much content, afford
To say thou speak'st a Christian at a word;
Cheer up, and know that many troubles wait
Upon the changes of an ancient State;

The

110 *A Dialogue between*

The work of *Reformation* always brings
 Trouble at first, but afterwards it sings
 Anthems of Peace, whose fortunate event
 Will more than countervail thy discontent.

He that has spent the treasure of his days
 Under one Roof, has reason to dispraise
 The troubles of removing; yet at last
 (When his defatigating cares are past)
 He may declare himself to be a debtor
 To fortune, and confess that Life the better.
 Even so mayst thou (dear Soul) hereafter say,
 Blest be that hand which led thee from the way
 And paths of Ignorance, although at first
 ['Tis often known, beginnings are the worst]
 Thou feel'st a private nakedness within,
 Because thou hast uncloath'd thy self of sin :
 Although, I must confess there cannot be
 • A *vacuum* in Nature, yet in thee
 There is an emptiness, and must be still,
 For what is empty, craves a time to fill:

If he whose stomach hath sustain'd the rage
 Of sharp'ning hunger, should at first assuage
 His appetite with fulness, would it not
 Produce a surfeit, and impose a blot
 Upon his wisdom, raising such a strife
 Within his *Microcosmus*, that his life

Would

the Soul and Satan. III

Would be endanger'd ; therefore learn by rote,
That moderation is the chiefeft note ;
In all my *Gimmur*, none can fing fo high
A note as moderation, only I.

If I should let thee make too large a meal
Of my rich joyes at first, I should reveal
Too much of folly ; for if thou shouldst take
A surfeit at the first, it needs must make
Thee fear, nay hate, to entertain my diet ;
'Tis better far to spare at first than riot :
Moreover, should I let thee taste thy fill
At first, I know the reins of thy fierce will
Would scorn a hand, 'tis dangerous to trust ;
Presumptions spur can never want for rust :
Come Soul, let reason rule thee, do not stain
Thy well-dy'd judgment, 'tis a greater pain
To fear, than suffer ; come, I long to see
Thee wanton with mee in Eternitie ;
Then doubt no more, resolve, and let's away,
There is no greater grief than to delay
A happiness ; be well inform'd of this,
Procrastination is a foe to Bliss.

Sou. Thy words imposthumate my heart, I feel
A greater pain than ever *ixions* wheel
Knew how t'inflict, extremities still crowd
Into my thoughts ; my sorrows call aloud,
And

And none will hear ; what shall I do ; for I
 Unworthy am to live, unfit to dye ;
 Except th' all ruling power above will please
 T'inspect my Soul, and furnish me with ease,
 To whose blest ears I'll recommend my suit,
 My sorrows will not let my tongue be mute.

Great *Auditor* of groans, oh let my cries,
 My sighs, my tears, invite thy eares, thine eyes
 To hear, and view me ; for I must confess,
 My crimes are great, and I am nothing less
 Than what is least ; alas ! and nothing better
 Than what is worst, oh pardon me thy debtor :
 I'm tost with grief, and know not where to steer
 My shipwrack'd self, but still my sins appear
 Before my face, whose looks almost affright,
 And make me start into eternal night :
 What shall I do ? or whether shall I flee,
 That am an alien (Lord) except to thee ?
 From thee I cannot, and I am too vile
 To come unto thee, having made a spoyle
 Of those most sacred mercies, which thy hand
 Confer'd upon me ; there is no command
 But I have broke ; yet gracious Lord, I know
 That thy abounding mercies can o'reflow
 My sand-excelling sins, which cannot lie
 Absconded from thine all-surveying eye.

With

With shame I must confess the subtle art
Of *Satan* hath impoysoned my heart ;
Oh I am sick to death, I swell, I burst,
Never was any Soul so much accurst.

There's none but thee, thou sacred *Antidote*
Can cure my grief, be therefore pleas'd to note
My sad condition, let my sorrows lye
Before thy face, oh hear me when I cry ;
Grant me the shield of Faith, that I may stand
In opposition to the powerful hand
Of active *Satan*, weaken (*Lord*) his power
And add unto my strength ; let every hour
Afford new mercies, mercies that may sail
Into my brest, ah should my *Foe* prevail,
Oh, then I perish, shorten (*Lord*) his chain
And lengthen out my patience, oh make vain
His fierce attempts, that he my feel, and see
When he is strongest, I'm as strong as he,
Then shall my lips extol thee, and proclaim
The greatness of thy glory, and his shame.
Give but thy grace unto me (*Lord*) and then
Say what thou wilt, my tongue shall say *Amen*.

Let everlasting plagues and horror dwell
Within so fit a soul, let black-mouth'd *Hell*
Remove his scituation, and take
An everlasting Lease, oh let him make

114 *A Dialogue between*)

A *Ten'ment* of thee ; dost thou think that I
Will hear thy prayers ? oh no , I scorn thee, fye
Away, begon——

Son. What voice is this, that makes this bold intru-
Into my ears, and grumbles out confusion ? (*tion*
Me thinks I see a storm-portending cloud,
Bowel'd with thunder, and I hear a loud
And horrid noyse, a noyse that will confound
A wel-prepared ear, to hear the sound ;
Who would not quake at such a voice as this
That roars forth Malice with an Emphasis ?
My thoughts are interrupted, and amazement,
Flashes like Lightning through the brittle case-
Of my ill glased-brest ; it cannot be (*ment*
The voice of Heav'n, a *God* so pure as he
Hates to be envious, malice cannot spring
From such a good and (Love-composed) *King* :
Although his voice (made terrible) oft-times
By the addition of mans dayly crimes
Thunders against a sinner, yet his breath
Can take no pleasure in a sinners death.

Hereafter (Lord) when malice finds a voice
To speak, my understanding shall rejoyce,
In knowing who it is, this heart of mine
Shall never quake at any voice but thine ;

Then

the Soul and Satan. 115

Then let hels deep-mouth'd *blood-bownd*, roar and
thunder

Ile neither fear, nor love, nor quake, nor wonder.

For 'tis not strange to hear a Lyon roare
That wants his prey, the more he has, the more
He seeks for more, imploying still his power
In seeking how, and whom he may devour :
Know therefore *Sathan*, that I am prepar'd
To meet thee, and I will not be out-dar'd;
'Tis not thy false malicious tongue shall tempt
My heart to love, no, nor thy rage exempt
My thoughts from heav'n, although thy craft still
For opportunity to stop good works; (lurks
When I compose my self, and strive to pray,
Thou seek'st to turn my thoughts another way.

Thou great corrupter of Diviner parts,
Thou watchful thief that steal'st into the hearts
Of silly mortals, think not to devour
My armed heart, with thy pursuing power.
Sat. Wil nothing move thee? wilt thou stil mistrust
If fair means will not move thee, foul means must.
What dost thou think, my arm is grown so short
It cannot reach thee? dost thou think to sport
With my commands? say, thou imperious mite
Who gave thee being, who created light,
Who made the Heav'ns, the Earth, the Sea, reply
Audacious wretch, speak, was it thee, or I?

116 *A Dialogue between*

Thou vain contender, dost thou think to gain
 By striving with me, any thing but pain,
 Oh no, thou shalt not, for I'll still renew
 Thy pinching sorrows: therefore bid adieu
 To all thy comforts, for thou shalt no more
 Injoy those blessings thou injoy'dst before,
 Oh how thy horrid tongue shall roar and cry
 With *Dives* for a drop, but no supply
 Shall dare t'appear; the more thou crav'st, the less
 Thou shalt be heard, for nothing shall express
 The least of pleasure to thy per-boyl'd heart,
 Thy chiefest food shall be perpetual smart.
 Be well assured that thy ears, thy eyes
 Shall hear, nor see, nought but extremities;
 Be gon, be gon, my fury hates delay,
Hell, and Damnation be thy lot, away.

Sen. Experience makes me understand thou art
 A lively actor, of a deadly part,
 I find the greatness of your swelling rage;
 Your *Prologue* speaks 'twould be a bloody stage
 If you might act as King, but *Heav'n* prevent
 The cursed plots of your accurst intent;
 I fear thee not, because I know thy power
 Is limited, and thou canst not devour
 Without commission, therefore do thy worst,
 And let thy envy swell until it burst.

And

And fall to nothing, my *Creator* gives
Me faith to say that my *Redeemer* lives,
And will protect me from the rage of those
That are my known and secret deadly Foes.
Thy thundring words shall not make me comply-
For he's unwise that dyes for fear of dying; (ing
Thus being guarded with the shield of grace
I'll spit defiance in thine impious face.
Thou art a *Lion*, and thou seek'st for blood
How bad's that soul that dares to think thee good;
Urge me no more, cashiere thy fruitless trouble,
The more thou striv'st, the more I'll strive to double
My resolutions, for I dare not venture
To rest my heart on such a bloody center,
Oh no I dare not; he that shall let go,
A certain friend, for a most certain foe,
Justly deserves, to have no other fame,
But what reproach can build upon his name;
Should I permit my rambling thoughts to glance
Upon thy love, the Plea of Ignorance
Could not be prevalent, because 'tis known
Unto the blest-united three in one
That I (by his assistance) have descry'd
Thy real flatt'ry, and thy humble pride;
I dare affirm no greater pride can be
Than that that's acted with humility,

118 *A Dialogue between*

But here I'll stop, and leave thee to inherit
Th' effects of a diabolique spirit.

Son. Accursed *Caitiff*, dost thou think to scape
The fury of my hand, or make a rape
Upon my goodness? no, the Sun and Moon
Shall stop their usual progresses as soon
As I will change my mind; Vengeance is mine
And I'll repay it, on that *Soul* of thine.

Be gon; be gon, expect thy sudden doom,
It is thy *sins* give punishment a room:
Let everlasting Plagues, and horreur dwell
Within so fit a Soul; let black-mouth'd Hell
Remove his situation, and so take
A still continuing Lease, oh let him make
A ten'ment of thee, dost thou think that I
Will hear thy prayers? oh no I scorn thee, fie
Away, begon——

Son. If words could kill, I had been ere this time
Worded to death, but now I hope to clime
Above the reach of words in thy despight,
Where thou mayst grumble at me, but not bite.

Even as the surly blood-desiring *Dog*
Ty'd with a chain, or loaded with a clog
Growes fiercer with restraint, and stands in awe
Of nothing but his Master, to whose Law

He

the Soul and Satan. 119

He must submit and keep within his list ;
For fear will not permit him to resist :
But if some wandring passenger should chance
To walk along, he quickly would advance
His watchful head, and running to and fro
From place to place, he tugs but cannot go
Beyond his bounds, but labors still in vain
(With fruitless biring of his senseless chain)
To free himself, but when he finds his strength
Is not sufficient to out-go the length
Of his well-fastned chain, he soon divides
His sharp fang'd jaws, and bauls until his sides
And lungs are weary, then he runs the round
Until he layes himself upon the ground :
Where he remaineth much displeas'd and vext,
Seeming to threaten ruine to the next.

So thou (hels ry'd-dog) if thou couldst but strain
And quit thy self from heav'ns fast-holding chain
What Soul should scape thy jaws, or be posselt
Of lasting peace, or comfortable rest ?
How sad, how miserable had it been
For patient *Job*, had but thy power been seen
Upon his heart ; but *Heaven* that will controul
In spight of malice, chain'd thee from his *soul* :
Alas, alas ! Thy chain is not so long,
To reach a *soul*, nor is thy power so strong

120 *A Dialogue between*

To break it at thy pleasure, thou mayst baul
And bark forth envy, but not hurt at all;
If thou art *God* [as thou pretendest] why,
Why dost thou suffer such a thing as I
T'expostulate so long, and dost not show
Thy Judgements in my speedy overthrow?

Sat. It is my goodness, and not thy desert
That breeds forbearance in my tender heart,
Alas, alas, what honour would accrue
To me in conquering such a thing as you,
I could within a moments time allswage,
(But that my clemency out-vies my rage)
Thy swelling fury, for I could discharge
Vollies of wrath, and easily enlarge
Thy restless torments, I could make thee run
(Like morning mists before the rising Sun)
Out of my presence, If I should but say
The word be gon, alas thou couldst not stay,
But ah, I cannot, for I hate to harm, (arm,
Love guides my strength, & that strength guides my

Even as the *Shepherd* with bedewed locks
Watches the feeding of his harmless flocks
For fear the bold-fac'd *Wolf* should chance to peep
Into the *coasts* of his beloved sheep,
And like a lawless *Tyrant*, soon commence
(Against those Emblems, of pure innocence)

A bloody action, which would soon incite
 The Shepherds grief, to see so sad a sight,
 So I th' eternal *Shepherd* daily watch
 My wel-fed lambs, for fear Hells wolf should catch
 Or fright (not being fearful to be bold)
 My gentle flocks from their delightful fold ;
 I am beloved, and mine own, will own
 My sacred Name, my voice is not unknown
 Unto my sheep, they always will be all
 Firmly obedient to my cheerful call,
 For which obedience they shall find reward
 Nay such a one, as always shall accord
 To their desires, thrice happy shall they be
 In truly calling, and in owning me
 To be their *Shepherd*, nothing can more please
 M' indulgent *soul*, than such dear flocks as these,
 I will preserve them, and no *wolf* shall dare
 To seize upon them, or presume to tear
 Their downy fleeces, nothing shall be nearer
 Unto my heart, and nothing shall be dearer
 In my affections, for I will affect
 Even where, and when I finde a true respect,
Sou. What strange contusions hath thy language
 bred
 Within my serious thoughts? how hast thou fed
 My ears with flatteries, but it is in vain ;
 Because my heart hath vow'd not to retain

Thy

122 *The Souls thankfulness*

Thy sain'd expressions, nothing shall remove
My Love from God, nor nothing make me love
Thy wretched self; then be content, and cease
To urge my mind, or interrupt my Peace.
Go, do thy worst, and when that worst is done
Sit down as wisely, as thou hast begun.

Sat. Art thou resolv'd? Well then, let vengeance
Upon thy cursed head, be gon, thou mite (light
(Nay less) of goodness, go, make haste t'inherir
Those plagues that wait upon so damn'd a spirit.

Son. May this be call'd a *farewell*, if it be,
The self same *farewell* must attend on thee;
I hate, nay, scorn to bid *farewell* to you,
'Tis charity enough to bid, adieu.

The Souls Thankfulness, and Request to God.

Most gracious God, I having lately felt
The fervor of thy mercies, needs must melt
Into a thankfulness, Ah should I be
Ungateful to so blest a God as thee

Twere


and request to God. 123

'Twere pity, ah 'twere pity, that the ayr
Should give me breath, or thy fierce hand forbear
To through me headlong to the deep abyfs
Of speedy ruine, where no comfort is :
Oh glorious *Lord*, be pleased to inflame
My heart with raptures, to extol thy Name ;
Alas I'm weak, and if thou shouldst deny
Thy aid, nothing could be more weak than I.
If thou wilt help me, I shall be so strong
That nothing can prevail to do me wrong.
Lord, I am blind, oh therefore let thy light
Expel those clouds, that thus eclipse my sight ;
Be thou my guid, my strength, my light, my way,
Or else (being weak) I shall, or fall, or stray ;
Oh leave me not, but as thou hast begun
To shew me mercy, let thy mercy run
With my desires, and grant that I may be
A true forgetter of all things, but thee :
And rather than I should forget thy call,
Oh let me have no memory at all ;
Wean me, oh wean me from this nursing earth,
Make it my sorrow, and thy Throne my mirth.
Let every morning make me know, and say
Thy Lawes are Just, or let me know no day ;
Let every *ev'ning*, make me take delight
In thy commands, or let me know no night.

Inspire

Inspire my heart [O God] and make it glad
 Always in thee, or make it always sad;
 If thou afflicteſt me, make me underſtand,
 Thou haſt a ſtorming, and a calming hand;
 If Poverty oppreſs me, whiſt I live,
 Oh let thy mercy ſend me friends to give;
 Or if thy goodneſs pleaſe to ſend me ſtore,
 Oh give me grace to think I may be poor.
It matters not, O Lord, how poor I be
Unto the World, if I am rich to thee:
 If I am hungry, ô be thou my meat,
 If I am weary, ô be thou my ſeat;
 Or if I feaſt, O Lord be thou my gueſt;
 If I am reſtleſs, Lord be thou my reſt;
 If I am thirſty, Lord, be thou my ſpring;
 If I am ſubject, Lord, be thou my King;
 If I have *Vertue*, make me dote upon her;
 If Honourable, be thou my Honor:
 And if I cannot know that which I would,
 Be pleas'd to make me know, Lord, what I ſhould;
 Then ſhall my ready lips expreſs and ſhow
 I know no more, than thou wu'dſt have me know.
 My unry'd tongue ſhall evermore proclaim
 Th' attendant glories of thy ſacred Name.

Divine



Divine Ejaculations.

1.

Great God, whose Scepter rules the Earth,
 Distil thy fear into my heart,
 That being rapt with holy mirth,
 I may proclaim how good thou art,
 Open my lips, that I may sing,
 Full praises to my God, my King.

Ejaculation 2.

Lord, make the torments we endure
 The Symptomes of thy Love, not wrath;
 Thou art our Chiron, we thy cure
 Our Crime's, our sores, thy blood's our bath;
 O we are weak, be thou as strong;
 How long O Lord; O Lord, how long?

Ejaculation

126 *Divine Ejaculations.* o

Ejaculation 3.

Just Judge of Earth, in whom we trust,
Make sharp thy sword, and bend thy bow,
Consume the wicked ; save the Just,
For thou the Reins, and heart dost know :
Then shall our tongues sing forth thy praise,
And praise thy justice all our days.

Ejaculat. 4.

Lord, teach us timely how to pray,
And give us patience to expect ;
Thou hatest sin ; Oh guide our way ;
Judge thou our Eoes : The Just protect :
Then shall the wicked fall with shame,
And we will sing that love thy name.

Ejacentat. 5.

Great Son of the eternal God,
To whom the world subjected lyes,
Break not, but breed us with thy rod :
O we are foolish, make us wise :
And if thy wrath begin to flame,
Wee'l seek protection in thy Name.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 127

Ejaculat 6.

Lord, if our enemies encrease,
And we invoke, bow down thine ear;
Be thou our shield, and make our peace,
And we will scorn what worldlings fear.
Great *God* of health, great Lord of rest,
O make us thine, and we are blest.

Ejaculat. 7.

Thou righteous Hearer of Requests,
Make void the counsels of th'unjust;
Send peace into our trembling breasts,
And fill our hearts with fear and trust:
If thou wilt make thy face to shine,
Let others joy in corn and wine.

Ejaculat. 8.

Lord, thou whose equal hand allays
The poor mans grief, whose help thou art,
Encline my heart to give thee praise,
And I will praise thee with my heart:
For sake me not; for, Lord I trust,
As men are cruel, thou art just.

Ejaculat.

128 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 9.

Lord, crush my Lyon-hearted Foes,
Rout them that seek to ruine me ;
Rise up, O God, forget not those
Whose wrongs refer their cause to thee :
Or if the wicked must oppress,
Be thou not far from my distress.

Ejaculat. 10.

Great God, thy Garden is defac'd,
The Weeds do thrive, thy Flowers decay ;
O call to mind thy promise past,
Restore thou them, cut these away :
Till then, let not the weeds have power
To starve or taint the poorest Flower.

Ejaculat. 11.

Lord, leave us not too long a space ;
O view our griefs, and hear our pray'r,
Clear thou our eyes, unvail thy face,
Lest Foes presume, and we despair.
Lord, make thy mercy our repose,
And we will sing amidst thy Foes.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 119

Ejaculat. 12.

Lord, teach me to renown thy Name,
Which through the World is so renown'd;
Let man thy glorious works proclaim,
Whose head with glory thou hast crown'd.
As Beasts to men subjected be,
So Lord subje& mans heart to thee.

Ejaculat. 13.

In all extreame, Lord, thou art still
The Mount whereto my hopes do flee;
O make my soul detest all Ill,
Because so much abhor'd by thee.
Lord, let thy gracious trya's show
That I am just, or make me so.

Ejaculat. 14.

Great God, whom Fools deny, how dare
Our lips request thy glorious eyes!
If thou but see, thou canst not spare,
And what thou seest thou must despise.
Lord, make us hear thy saying voice,
Then may'st thou see, and we rejoyce.

K

Ejaculat.

130 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 15.

Lord, cleanse my heart, and guide my tongue;
Preserve my lips from false deceit;
Protect my hands from doing wrong,
Teach whom to love and whom to hate:
Instruct me how to take and give;
Lord, grant me this, and I shall live.

Ejaculat. 16.

Lord, teach my Reins, that in the night
My tutor'd Reins, may tutor me;
And keep me always in thy sight,
For in thy sight all pleasures be:
Let not my soul in darkness stray,
O thou my life, O thou my way.

Ejaculat. 17.

Behold my Right, and right my wrongs
Thou Saviour of all those that trust;
O I am weak, my Foes are strong,
Lord thou art gracious, thou art just:
O make me rightly prize this life,
And let thy glory be my strife.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 131

Ejaculat. 18.

Great God, my strength, at whose command
Whil'st I serve thee all creatures serve me,
Protect me from my Foe mans hand ;
O, as thou hast preserv'd, preserve me :
With peaceful conquest crown my days,
And I will crown thy power with praise.

Ejaculat. 19.

Great God, the work of whose high hands
The glory of thy Name declare,
How perfect sweet are thy Commands !
How purely just thy Precepts are !
Cleanse all my sins, clear every spot,
Both open, secret, known, forgot.

Ejaculat. 20.

Accept, O God, my holy fires,
Lead thou our Armies, give success,
Bless our designs, grant our desires ;
O hear and help in our distress :
Preserv'd by thee, we shall prevail,
When Chariots flee, and horses fail.

132 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 21.

O God, whose Judgments are severe,
And mercies full of sweet compassion,
Scourge thou thy Foes, save those that fear,
Ravish my Soul with thy Salvation;
And I will spend my joyful days
In Psalms of thanks, and Songs of praise.

Ejaculat. 22.

My Jesus, thou that wert no less
Than God, and yet with men forlorn,
Earths Comforter, yet comfortless,
Heavens Glory, yet to men a scorn.
What thanks shall I return to thee,
That wert all this, and more for me!

Ejaculation 23.

Great Shepherd of my Soul, thy hand
Both gives me food, and guides my way;
Subject my will to thy command,
And I shall never starve, nor stray.
If thou wilt keep me in thy sight,
Thy House shall be my whole delight.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 133

Ejaculat. 24.

Lord, purge my heart, and cleanse my hand,
Direct my tongue, and guide my will;
For nothing that's unclean can stand
Within thy great, thy glorious Hill.
Lift up my heart, deprest with sin,
And let the King of Glory in.

Ejaculat. 25.

Lord, guide my footsteps in thy truth,
And let thy grace be my repose;
Forgive the frailties of my youth,
And free me from my causeless Foes:
Redeem thine *Israel* from their hand,
And bring me to thy promis'd Land.

Ejaculat. 26.

Lord, keep me just and judg my right,
Prove thou my reins, and try my heart;
O make thy Temple my delight,
And fix my dwelling where thou art:
Redeem my Soul, confirm my ways,
And give me power to give thee praise.

134. *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 27.

My God, whose fear drives fear away,
Shew me the beauty of thy House ;
Preserve me in the evil day,
That I may sing and pay my vows.
Lord, grant me fear, and guard my path ;
Give patience, and with patience, Faith.

Ejaculat. 28.

O God, be thou my living Rock,
Whereto my restless soul may fly :
Blest be thy Name, when I invoke,
Thou hear'st my suit and send'st supply.
My Foes confound, or else convert
Or weaken, that they may not hurt.

Ejaculat. 29.

Shall Mountain, Desert, Beast, and Tree,
Yield to that heavenly Voice of thine,
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone, this heart of mine ?
No, Lord ; till thou new-bore mine ear
Thy Voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 135

Ejaculat. 30.

Lord, let the evening of my grief
Be followed with a morning joy ;
Hear thou my cry, and send relief,
That tak'st no pleasure to destroy :
If thou wilt lengthen out my days,
Their task shall be to sing thy praise.

Ejaculat. 31.

Lord, thou' that hoord'st thy grace for those
That love and fear thy sacred Name,
Redeem me from my conqu'ring Foes,
And vindicate my trust from shame :
Give me fair Conquest at the end,
Till then, true courage to attend.

Ejaculat. 32.

Let my confession launce my fore,
And let forgiveness cure my wound ;
Lord, teach me early to implore,
For I am lost till thou art found :
Then shall my joyful Songs express
Thy praises, and my thankfulness.

136 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 33.

Great Lord of Wonders, thou by whom
My heart was fram'd and form'd alone,
From whose high Power all powers come,
That didst but say, and it was done;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see thy Power, and sing thy praise.

Ejaculat. 34.

Lord, let the Sun-shine of thy face
So clear mine eyes, so cleanse my heart,
That being season'd with thy grace,
My soul may taste how sweet thou art.
O let thy mercy make me just,
And then my heart shall fear and trust.

Ejaculat. 35.

Lord plead my cause, and right my wrong,
And take my Snarers in their snare;
O be not from me, Lord, too long,
Lest they triumph, and I despair.
Let all my foes be cloth'd with shame,
Whilst I sing praises to thy Name.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 137

Ejaculat. 36.

Fountain of Light, and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade :
Confound the proud in their pretence,
And let thy wings be my defence.

Ejaculat. 37.

Be thou my Trust, my God, and I,
When sinners thrive, will not repine;
Or if my wants should want supply,
I will not fret, I will not whine :
What if their wealth, my wants, increase,
They shall have plagues at last, I peace.

Ejaculat. 38.

Lord, in thy wrath correct me not,
For I confess and hate my sin ;
My flesh consumes, my bones do rot,
I've pains without, and pangs within.
O thou that art the God of rest,
Release my sin, relieve my brest.

Ejaculat.

138 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 39.

Lord, curb my tongue, and make me see
How few my days, how short their length :
Incline my heart to trust in thee ;
Remove thy scourge, or give me strength :
I am a Pilgrim, hear my cry,
And send some comfort e're I dye.

Ejaculat. 40.

Lord, thou whose mercies do exceed,
O fill my language with thy praise,
Stand thou my Helper at my need,
Confound the wicked in their ways :
Be thou my comfort in my grief,
And crown my patience with relief.

Ejaculat. 41.

Lord, if thy pleasure make me poor,
Thou wilt bless them that give me bread ;
If thy sick hand hath scourg'd me sore,
That hand that struck will make my bed.
Sustain me, Lord, be thou my store,
I shall be neither sick nor poor.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 139

Ejaculat. 42.

My God, full tears are all the dyet
That feed my sad, my drooping brest:
In my distress, in my disquiet,
Be thou my Stay, be thou my Rest:
Be thou my God in my relief,
And I will triumph in my grief.

Ejaculat. 43.

Lord, right my wrongs, and plead my right
Against all those that seek my Ill;
O let thy perfect Truth and light
Conduct me to thy holy Hill:
Then shall thy Altar make relation
Of thy due praise, and my Salvation.

Ejaculat. 44.

Lord, our fore-fathers found redress
In all their frights, in all their fears;
Wilt thou be dumb to my distress,
And not my God, as well as theirs?
Redeem my Soul whose loyal knee
Ne're bow'd to any God, but thee,

Ejaculat

140 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 45.

Great Bridegroom, fill thy dearest Spouse
With outward glory, inward graces ;
May she forget her fathers house,
And only cling to thy embraces :
Affect her heart with Love and Duty,
And then take pleasure in her beauty.

Ejaculat. 46.

Lord, help me when my griefs do call,
In my distress O be thou near ;
Then if earth change, or mountains fall,
I will not faint, I will not fear.
Shew me thy wonders, and inflame
My heart to magnifie thy Name.

Ejaculat. 47.

Lord, let thy Judgments fill all those
That love thy Mount with joy and mirth ;
Confound and crush all *Sions* Foes,
Sion the glory of the Earth :
Let all that love thy *Sions* glory,
Recount her State, repeat her Story.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 141

Ejaculat. 48.

Lord, teach me wisely to contemn
All goods that transitory be,
Let me not stand possess'd of them,
If they be not possess'd in thee.

If I be wealthy, and not wise,
I live but like a beast that dyes.

Ejaculat. 49.

Lord God of Gods, before whose Throne
Stand fire and storms, O what shall we
Return to Heav'n that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee!

We have no offering to impart,
But praises, and a wounded heart.

Ejaculat. 50.

Lord, if thy mercies purge my heart,
Conceiv'd in lust, and born in sin,
Breath truth into my inward part,
Renew me a firm spirit within:

Then let thy goodness not desert
The ruins of a broken brest.

Ejaculat.

142 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 51.

Let others boast in gold, and prize
Ev'l more than good, and love deceit,
Thy mercies, Lord, are my supplies,
And on thy Name will I await.

Lord, let thy Mercies still inure
My brest to love the thing that's pure.

Ejaculat. 52.

Lord, if thou take away thy hand,
How all compos'd of fears are we!
What arm can save? what strength can stand?
When man, poor man's forsook by thee?

Lord, keep my faith in thee unshaken,
For thou forsak'ft not till forsaken.

Ejaculat. 53.

Lord, let thy name secure and free
My threat'ned Soul from all my foes;
Stand thou with them that stand for me,
Support all these, suppress all those:

Then shall my Soul division run
Upon thy praise till time be done.

Ejaculat

Divine Ejaculations. 143

Ejaculat. 54.

Hearer of prayers, confound my Foes,
That bruise my tortur'd Soul to dust :
In man, alas, there's no repose ;
Foes have no pity, friends no trust.

My trust is in thy word, which says,
They shall not live out half their days.

Ejaculat. 55.

O God, the malice of my Foes
Encreaseth daily more and more ;
But Lord, thou art my safe repose,
Thou art my strength, thou art my store :
Be thou my gracious God, and then
I will not fear the pow'r of men.

Ejaculat. 56.

Be gracious, Lord, unto my grief,
For in thy shadow do I trust ;
O send me plentiful relief,
For thou art merciful and Just ;
Then shall my spirits utter forth
Twilight *Hosanna's* to thy worth.

Ejaculat.

144 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 57.

Lord, keep me from those hearts and tongues
That practice mischief from the womb;
Weigh right to them that weigh us wrongs,
And let confusion be their doom;
But let the just be fill'd with mirth,
And fear that God that rules the earth.

Ejaculat. 58.

Lord, save me from my Foes; make void
Their plots, and all their Counsels vain;
For ever let them be destroy'd,
For in thy hand my hopes remain:
And I will always spend my days
In Hymns of thanks, and Songs of praise.

Ejaculat. 59.

Lord, though we feel the bitter taste
Of thy displeasure for a while;
Yet thou art gracious, and at last
Thy angry brow that frown'd will smile.
Oh when that storm is over-blown,
Thou'lt trample those that tread us down.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 145

Ejaculat. 60.

Lord, hear my troubled voice, and bring
My Soul to that sweet Rock of Rest ;
Protect all those that strive to sing
Thy praises with a cheerful breast :
Let comfort with our years increase,
That we may praise thy name in peace.

Ejaculat. 61.

Lord God, from whom all mercy springs,
Instruct my hopes to wait on thee ;
Teach me what vain and fruitless things
The helps of what is earthly be.
All strength belongs to thee alone,
'Tis thou, my God, must help, or none.

Ejaculat. 62.

Lord, how I long to see thy face,
That I might spend me in thy praise ;
Thou art my glory in disgrace ;
Sustain my steps, direct my ways :
Thou art my refuge ; when opprest
With grief, my joy ; with toyl, my rest.

L

Ejaculat,

146 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 63.

Lord, hide me from my bloody Foes
For in thy goodness do I trust ;
Protect my sought-for life from those
That shoot in secret for the just.
So then shall I that fear thy Name
Have cause of glory, they of shame.

Ejaculat. 64.

Thou gracious Hearer of Requests,
Hide all my sins behind thy merits ;
Shower down thy Spirit into our breasts,
And drop thy Grace into our Spirits ;
That from our Faith rich works may spring,
And give us cause to shout and sing.

Ejaculat. 65.

Lord, if thy flame must needs be felt,
Let us be purged in that flame ;
Let our rebellious spirits melt
Into the praises of thy Name ;
That we being tutor'd, and kept under,
May fear with Love, and love with Wonder.
Ejacu'at.

Divine Ejaculations. 147

Ejaculat. 66.

Lord, let thy favour still inflame
Our light'ned hearts to walk thy ways,
That all the World may praise thy Name,
And all the Earth may sing thy praise;
So fructifie our hearts, that we
May bless thy Name being blest by thee.

Ejaculat. 67.

Lord, rise in power within mine heart,
And chase my sins, thy Foes, and mine;
Then shall I see thee as thou art,
In Glory great, in Power divine.
So I, more white than Snow, shall sing
Thy ways, and praise my God, my King.

Ejaculat. 68.

To that sweet Lamb, which did sustain
Grief above weight, Pain above measure;
Whose stripes, and scoffs, and grief, and pain,
Were only purchas'd by our pleasure.
Be Honor, Glory, Praises, given
By Souls on Earth, by Saints in Heaven.

148 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 69.

Let shame be their due recompence.
That seek to wound my Soul with shame;
Be thou their help and strong defence,
That seek thee, Lord, and love thy Name.
Make haste, O God, for I do waste
My Soul with grief; O God, make haste.

Ejaculat. 70.

Lord, thou that underneath thy wing
Didst keep me in, and from the womb,
Assist my age, that it may sing
Thy praise in ages yet to come.
Preserve my Soul, protect my name;
Shame be to them that seek my shame

Ejaculat. 71.

Great Prince of peace; whose Kingdome brings
Justice, Redemption, power, and peace,
That bends the knees and hearts of Kings,
And fill'st all Nations with increase,
All praises, Honour, Glory, be
Ascrib'd alone, great Prince, to thee.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 149

Ejaculat 72.

O God, whose dreadful Voice, like Thunder,
Affrights the Earth, and shakes the Air,
Whose Works and Ways are full of wonder,
That hear'st my plaints, and grant'st my pray'r;
Forfake me not, but when I stray,
O let thy Crook reform my way.

Ejaculat. 73.

O thou, whose mercy did begin
Before all Time, unty'd to Times,
As thou forgav'st our Fathers Sin,
Be likewise gracious to our Crimes:
Th'art now a God, as well as then
And we as they no more than men.

Ejaculat. 74.

O God, the *Sion* of my Soul
Is wholly desolate and waste,
Where thou should'st rule, my lusts controul;
O Lord, relieve; O God, make haste:
Then shall my heart and tongue proclaim
Eternal praises to thy Name.

150 Divine Ejaculations.

Ejaculat. 75.

Glorious Creator, once more shine
On this our poor distressed Land ;
Defend, and dress thy fading Vine,
And bless the man of thy right hand :
Let thy Free-grace inflame our hearts,
And we will sing thy praise in parts,

Ejaculat. 76.

O God, our Song, our Strength, whose hand
Hath broke our Bonds, and set us free,
Incline our hearts to thy Command,
And we will own no God but thee ;
Conduct and feed us as thy Flock,
And give us honey from thy *Rock. *Psal. 81. 16.

Ejaculat. 77.

Direct, O God, the Judges brest,
Preserve his hands, his eyes upright
That he may vindicate the oppressed,
And guard him from injurious might :
O let him know that he shall be,
As Judge of others, judg'd by thee.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 151

Ejaculat. 78.

Lord, cast thine eyes upon thy Foes,
Confound their Troops, that are combin'd
Against thy Flock, , which thou hast chose,
Make them like chaff before the wind :
Defeat their Plots with sudden shame,
That they may seek *Jehovah's* Name.

Ejaculat. 79.

Lord, teach mine Eyes, my Will, my Heart,
To see, to choose, and to desire
Thy beauteous Courts, wherein thou art ;
O fill my thoughts with holy fire.
Be thou my Sun, whose glorious Rayes
May light my Soul to sing thy praise.

Ejaculat. 80.

O God, remit thy Peoples Sin,
And shew the Sun-shine of thy face,
Repress thy fury, and begin,
T'inspire us with thy saving Grace ;
That Righteousness and truth may meet,
And light our hearts, and lead our feet.

152 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejculat. 81.

Great Spring, from whence all mercy flows,
To them that trust and love thy Name,
Give me thy strength, and then my Foes
Shall see thy greatness, and their shame:
Be thou my Way, my Truth, my Light,
So shall I live and die upright.

Ejaculat. 82:

Sion, the glory of the Earth,
And subject of my holy Passion,
May all the Well-springs of my mirth
Be founded upon thy foundation:
Of all delights I wish no other,
Than to be Son to such a Mother.

Ejaculat. 83.

Lord, let thy fury cease to burn;
Or else my Soul must cease to be;
Can praises issue from the Urn?
What thanks can ashes give to thee?
Enough, if thou but underrake me,
Let death surprise, let friends forsake me,

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 153

Ejaculat. 84.

Lord, thou whose mercy fails not those
That build their trust upon thy Name,
Protect my Soul from all my Foes,
Then shall my tongue thy worth proclaim :
So shall the remnant of my days
Be crown'd in Peace, and thou with Praise.

Ejaculat. 85.

Eternal God, before whose Eyes
A thousand years seem as a day,
Direct our hearts, and make us wise
To use that time we cannot stay :
Send joy in our sad hearts, and bless
Our prosperous actions with success.

Ejaculat. 86.

Though thousands here, ten thousand there,
Do daily fall before mine eye,
I will not faint, I will not fear,
Beneath the wings of the most High :
Let me be guarded, Lord, by thee,
Then I'll not fear, nor faint, nor flee.

Ejaculat.

154 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 87.

Lord, purge my Soul, that I may learn
To read my fortunes by thy hand ;
Let my instructed Soul discern,
That worldly bliss is not thy brand.
Lord, in thy Mercy make me thine,
I have enough, shower thou, or shine.

Ejaculat. 88.

Great Monarch of the World, disclose
Thy Power, and make thy Glory known ;
Out-flood the floods of all my Foes,
And in my heart fix thou thy Throne :
Plant Holiness within my brest,
O Lord, my strength, O God, my rest.

Ejaculat. 89.

Just God of Vengeance, cast an eye
Upon my poor afflicted brest ;
O send me help, O hear my cry,
And let thy comforts be my rest :
Suppress my Foes, and set me free,
That have no Hope, no Help but thee.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations, 155

Ejaculat. 90.

Great God of Gods, Great King of Kings,
From whom, by whom we live, we be,
In whom my Soul her triumph sings,
To whom alone bowes every knee:

Teach me thy way; thy Will's my Feast;
Thy Crook my Guide, thy Fold my Rest.

Ejaculat. 91.

Lord, let our Jesus, and thy Christ,
Be all the subject of our mirth,
Let Satans power be dismiss,
And let him rule, and judg the earth:
Then, then Eternal Peace shall be
Return'd to us, and praise to thee.

Ejaculat. 92.

Great King of Glory, who art drest
In Clothes of Clouds, in Robes of Fire,
Make evil hateful to my brest,
Then shall I love thee most intire:
Then shall my bosome reap that light
Which thou hast sown for the upright.

Ejaculat.

156 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 93.

Great God of Wonders, that dost ope
The Gate of Life to our glad days,
And found'st a help beyond all hope,
O give us mouths to give thee praise;
So guide our ways, just Judge, that we
May joyfully be judg'd by thee.

Ejaculat. 94.

Great God, whose promise is to hear,
Whose practise is to pardon Sin,
Let my petitions find an ear,
And cleanse my leprous Soul within.
Thou, Lord, art holy, teach my heart
To sing thy praises as thou art.

Ejaculat. 95.

Eternal Maker, grant that we
May praise thee with a chearful heart;
Guide thou our ways, and let us be
The sheep, where thou the Shepherd art:
For, Lord, thy truth is always sure,
And thy great Mercy shall endure.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 157

Ejaculat. 96.

Lord, teach my heart to walk upright
In publique rev'rence, private fear;
Keep thou the humble in thy sight,
And to the proud be thou severe:
Then shall thy Saints in triumph show
Thy Mercy, and thy Justice too.

Ejaculat. 97.

O God, how poor a thing is man!
Begot in sin, and born in sorrow;
Our breath's a blast, our life a span,
But here to day, and gone to morrow.
How needful, Lord, is thy support!
Our days are bad, our times are short.

Ejaculat. 98.

O thou, within whose tender breast
Full streams of sweet compassion flow,
Whose Mercies cannot be express'd
By Saints above, or Men below;
My Soul shall praise, my heart shall bless
That goodness, tongues cannot express.

Ejaculat.

158 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 99.

Lord, every creature writes a story.
Of thy full Majesty and Might,
The contemplation of whose Glory
Shall always be my hearts delight:
Accept that praise my Soul can give,
And it shall praise thee while I live.

Ejaculat. 100.

Dear God, the *Pharaoh* of our Souls
Afflicts the *Isr'el* of our hearts;
Where thou shouldst govern, he controuls;
What thou command'st his power thwarts:
Confound his strength, and let thy hand
Conduct us to the promis'd land.

Ejaculat. 101.

Lord, shouldst thou punish every sin,
Or strike as oft as we offend,
How quickly would our plagues begin!
How soon this sinful world would end!
But Lord, thy tender Mercies stand
Within the gap, and hold thy hand.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 159

Ejaculat. 102.

Lord let thy wonders, and thy ways,
Inflame my heart, my tongue, my pen,
That pen, and tongue, and heart may praise
Thy Name before the Sons of men.
Look where I list, high, low, or under,
I see to learn, and learn to wonder.

Ejaculat. 103.

O Lord whose mercies, and whose paths
Transcend th' expressions of my tongue
Instruct my heart to keep thy lawes
And I will praise thee in my Song.
Lend me thy pow'r, or strengthen mine,
And I will crush my Foes, and thine.

Ejaculat. 104.

O thou that sit'st in Heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be thou my Prince, be thou my Priest,
Command my Soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be,
I care not, so I rise in thee.

Ejaculat.

160 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 105.

Lord, teach my humble eyes the art
To see aright, and hands to do,
Then will I praise thee with my heart
In publique, and in private too:
Set thou thy fear in all my ways
To make me wise, to give thee praise.

Ejaculat. 106.

Lord, plant thy fear before mine eyes;
For in thy fear my Soul is blest;
Thy Fear's that Spring, from whence arise
My Crown, my Treasure, and my Rest.
What fear I, fearing thee? and what
Not fearing thee, Lord, fear I not?

Ejaculat. 107.

Highest of Highests, that dost raise
The poor and needy from the dung,
Advance my thoughts to give thee praise,
And Lord, untie my flaming tongue:
So shall my heart and tongue proclaim
Rare *Halelujs* to thy Name.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 161

Ejaculat. 108.

O God, the Mountains and the Seas
Confess thee, Lord of Sea and Land,
They quake and tremble, if thou please
To shew the power of thy hand :
So shall my heart, when thou think'st good,
To turn my flint into a flood.

Ejaculat. 109.

Lord, teach our loyal hearts to build
Their constant hopes upon thy hand;
Thou art our Help, thou art our Shield,
Wherein our hopes of safety stand :
Send down thy blessings, and then we
Will send all praises up to thee.

Ejaculat. 110.

My God, thy mercies so abound,
That every minute speaks their story ;
They have no limits, have no bound ;
Ours are the comforts, thine the glory :
And what thy mercy more displays,
Thou art contented with our praise.

M

Ejaculat.

182 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 111.

Surpassing Lord, whose mercies have surpass'd
The limits of the worlds expression,
Whose truth continues firm and fast
To thy elect, and their succession.
To thee perpetual praise be given.
By Saints on Earth, and Souls in Heav'n.

Ejaculat. 112.

Good God ! thy mercy and thy might
What heart conceives ? What tongue can tell ?
Thou fillest my darkness with thy light,
And hast redeem'd my Soul from Hell.
Thou art my God, thou onely art
The strength, and musick of my heart.

Ejaculat. 113.

O God thy Law's a field, in which
The fruitful seed of life is sown ;
No seed so rare, no soil so rich ;
It renders infinite for one.

O God, how fair these fields appear !

O God, what pearls are buried he re!

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 163

Ejaculat. 114.

Great God, whose ever-wakeful eye
Doth never slumber, never close,
Teach all my dangers to rely
Upon thy help, their safe repose:
Be thou my shade, be thou my stay,
I will not fear by night, by day.

Ejaculat. 115.

Lord let the fire of my true zeal
Unto thy house for ever flame,
Where let my thanks, and praise reveal
The hidden honour of thy Name.
Let *Sion's* glory still increase,
And bless her walls with plenteous peace.

Ejaculat. 116.

O God to whom thy thoughts direct
Their constant hopes, and hopeful cries,
Let not my Soul in vain expect
For mercy, from such gracious eyes:
Maintain thine honour; 'Tis not me
The proud contemn, Great God, but thee.

164 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 117.

Lord give me a believing heart,
Though wanting strength I fear not man,
If thou be pleas'd to take my part,
Let malice do the worst it can.
Although insnar'd I will not fear,
For thou art stronger than a snare.

Ejaculat. 118.

Give me the heart, O God to trust,
And lead my Footsteps in thy ways ;
Quell thou the power of the unjust,
That righteous hearts may give thee praise.
Do good to good men, and encrease
Their number, plenty, and their peace.

Ejaculat. 119.

Lord, we are Captives, and we bow
To Sarans burthen every hour,
We sow in tears, oh when wilt thou
With joy requite the weary sower ?
So bless my labors that I may,
With comfort long to see that day.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 165

Ejaculat. 120.

What I possess, or what I crave
Brings no content great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I crave
Be not possess, and blest in thee.
What I enjoy, oh make it mine
In making me, that have it, Thine.

Ejaculat. 121.

Lord, plant thy fears within my breast,
That I may walk thy perfect ways;
Then shall I prosper and be blest
In all my deeds, in all my days:
Then shall I see the fair engrease,
Of Sions glory, Israels peace.

Ejaculat. 122.

Lord since there must be always Foes
T' afflict the Souls of flesh and blood,
Let mine be such as do oppose
Thy Churches peace, thy Sions good:
Then let that righteous arm of thine,
Confound, or cure thy foes, and mine.

186 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 123.

Hearer of prayers, O whom should I
Implore, but thee, in my distress,
For mercy harbors in thine eye,
And thou art fill'd with righteousness,
To thee, O God, my hopes shall flee,
My Soul expects no help but thee.

Ejaculat. 124.

Lord if mine eyes should look too high,
Or ranc'rous heart begin to swell,
Break thou the tumor, curb mine eye,
Lest one grow fierce, the other fell.
So shall my Soul grow wise, and flee
From her own strength, and trust in thee.

Ejaculat. 125.

Lord let mine eyes not sleep until
I build thy Temple in my brest,
Take pleasure then, and make it still
The chosen Palace of thy rest :
Let all her foes be trodden down,
And let thy Glory be her Crown,

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 167

Ejaculat. 126.

Lord we are several members joyn'd
To make one whole; whose head thou art,
Let all our thoughts but make one mind,
And give one body, but one heart.
United Souls of Saints appear
The sweetest musick in thine ear.

Ejaculat. 127.

Light thou the Lamps, great God, that they
Light'ned by thee may give us light;
Let their bright lustre drive away
All darkness from thy Courts by night;
Bless us and them, that they, and we
May bless thy name, first blest by thee.

Ejaculat. 128.

Let every wonder that I see
In Heav'n, and Earth, and in the Sea;
Advance some honour, Lord, to thee
That didst, and canst do, what thou please;
Let others worship wood and stone,
My Soul shall bless thee, Lord, alone.

168 Divine Ejaculations.

Ejaculat. 129.

Good God, where e're I cast mine eye,
On Earth beneath, or Heaven above,
I see thy goodness, and I spy
Perpetual pledges of thy love.
Thy favors through the world extend,
And of thy mercy is no end.

Ejaculat. 130.

Lord, if my tongue, and busie quill
Be not in *Sions* praise employ'd,
Then let my hand forget her skill
And be my tongue for ever ty'd;
Thy praise shall be my chief delight
Whilst tongue can speak, or hand can write.

Ejaculat. 131.

Kindle O Lord, my love with zeal,
Light my affections with thy flame;
Give my tongue courage to reveal
The secret glory of thy name.
Be thou my God, in all distress,
And let thy hand be my redress.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 169

Ejaculat. 132.

Lord, thou that mad'st me, and dost pry
Into the secrets of my heart,
From whose all-presence none can fly
Nor hide them there, but where thou art,
Inform my Soul, inflame my brest,
And lead me to eternal Rest.

Ejaculat. 133.

Lord keep me from my self that am
The greatest Foe, I need to fear;
O cover thou my face with shame
And give my sins no dwelling here.
Subdue my flesh; and then my spirit,
Shall sing the praises of thy merit.

Ejaculat. 134.

Lord when my grief shall find a tongue
To cry for help, find thou an ear,
Whilst others seek to do me wrong,
Make thou O God my conscience clear.
In those self-snares they have prepar'd
Let my insnarers be insnar'd.

Ejaculat.

170 Divine Ejaculations.

Ejaculat. 135.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends; when eyes grow strange;
When plighted faith forget their vows,
When Earth, and all things in it change,
O Lord thy mercies fail me never,
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

Ejaculat. 136.

Judge not my actions by thy Laws,
For then my sorrows are but just,
But let thy mercies plead my cause,
For in thy mercy is my trust.

Those that oppose my Soul, oppose;
I am thy servant, they thy foes.

Ejaculat. 137.

What is there, Lord, what is in me
To hope for safety from thy power?
What help can I expect from thee,
That merit vengeance every hour?

How great so e're my sins have bin,
Thy mercy's greater than my sin.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 171

Ejaculat. 138.

Great God, whose Kingdome hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose Justice none can feel, and live,
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

Ejaculat. 139.

O Lord my Judgment's dark, and blind,
It cannot judge 'twixt good, and ill,
My will is captiv'd and confin'd,
It wants a freedome how to will,
Great Lord of power, great God of might
Release my bands, restore my sight.

Ejaculat. 140.

Great God whose goodness doth repleat,
And fill our Coasts with full encrease,
That feed'st us with the fat of wheat,
And glad'st thy *Sion* with thy peace.
How more than others are our days
Extreamly bound to give thee praise.

Ejaculat,

172 *Divine Ejaculations.*

• *Ejaculat. 141.*

Shall frost and snow give praise to thee,
And shall my Soul not bear a part?
Lord frost and snow appear to be
Not half so cold as is my heart.

Shine glorious Sun, thy beams but felt,
My frost will thaw, my snow will melt.

Ejaculat. 142.

Great God to whom all praise belongs
Whom *Sion* sings, and *Israel* fears,
O stop those lusts that stop our tongues
And fright thy glory from our ears.

Do thou enlarge what flesh retains,
And bind those Kings, our lusts, in chains.

Ejaculat. 143.

Lord season my unsavory sprite
And bridle my too head-strong will,
That I may always take delight
In acting good, and shunning ill.

O give me grace to understand,
My life is always in thy hand.

Ejaculat.

Divine Ejaculations. 173

Ejaculat. 144.

Direct my steps, Lord, be my way,
And make thy paths my sole delight,
That like a traveller I may
Not fail to rest with thee at night,
O me, how happy, and how blest,
(Lord) should I be in such a Rest !

Ejaculat. 145.

Lord, let the morning of my grief,
Find out a night of lasting pleasure,
Thou art the God of my relief,
In poverty, thou art my treasure.
I care not, Lord, how poor I be
Unto the world, if rich to thee.

Ejaculat. 146.

Lord let thy sacred fire thaw
The Ice of my hard-frozen zeal,
And let thy will be my known Law,
So shall my heart, thy worth reveal,
And with a *balalujous* Song
My tongue shall praise thee all day long.

Ejaculat.

174 *Divine Ejaculations.*

Ejaculat. 147.

Great King of Peace, be pleas'd to send
Thy peace to our distemper'd Land,
O we are bad, teach us t'amend,
And let not ruine be our brand,
Then shall our lavish lips deliver
Our thanks in Peace, to our Peace-giver.

Ejaculat. 148.

If it be so that we must fight,
Lord make our crimes to prove our Foes;
For thou (our God) dost take delight,
To see such pleasant Wars as those.
O may such wars as these encrease,
Until our conquests end in Peace.

Ejaculat. 149.

Lord let the praises of thy Power,
Advance the power of thy praises,
Let every day, let every hour,
Praise thee till hours fail, and days.
To thee all power and praise be given,
By Saints on Earth, by Souls in Heaven.

THE END.

